JOHN BULL
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3D EVERY THURSDAY

TARGETS FOR TO-MORROW By The EDITOR

800 HOURS "THIRD DEGREE"

THE BACK DOOR TO BERLIN by A.G.G.

WHY CHOCOLATE WILL BE SCARCER

When the starving peoples of Europe are liberated, how can they be fed? What can we send them which will supply their deficiencies and restore them quickly to health and strength? Something which is not only a food in itself but is capable of retaining the full potency of added vitamins?

This was the problem Britain's food experts had to solve, and experiments were made with many kinds of food before they made their final choice—*chocolate.*

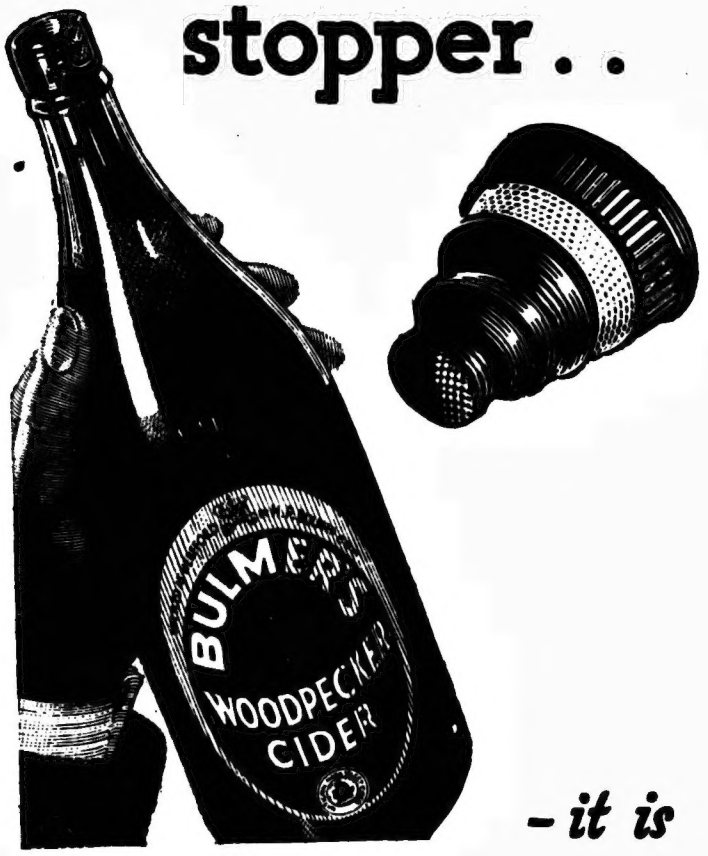
For many months big shipments of Cadbury's Chocolate, rich in vitamins, have been going to help to keep our Armies fighting fit. Now, *in addition,* a large part of the output of the Bournville and other chocolate factories will consist of special 2 oz. blocks for liberated Europe.

That is why you will get less chocolate in your ration.

CADBURY

means QUALITY

Don't lose this stopper . .



– it is

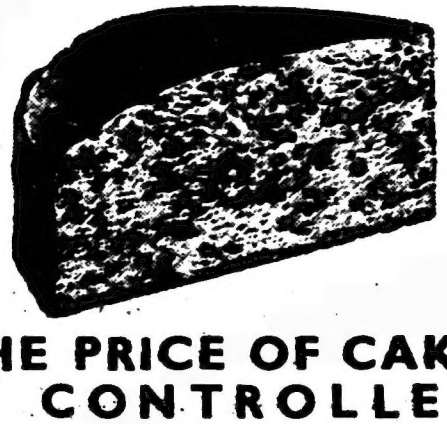
made of precious Rubber

The screw stoppers of Bulmer's Cider bottles are made of precious rubber. Once lost, they cannot be replaced. So please be careful when you have enjoyed Bulmer's delicious Cider, and the bottle is empty to see that the stopper is screwed firmly back in place. One other way you can help is by a prompt return of your 'empties' to the Dealer.

Bulmer's Cider

H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., HEREFORD.

royds 51



THE PRICE OF CAKE IS CONTROLLED

Price control of Cake has been instituted by the Ministry of Food in collaboration with the Cake Manufacturers. It has necessitated limiting the varieties obtainable, but all the ingredients used are pure, nourishing and wholesome. Price control of Cake permits economic production, and the conservation of man-power.

Remember that supplies are limited so don't buy more than your share.

CAKE & BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS WAR-TIME ALLIANCE LTD

Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd.

CVS—114

Squirrels know!

"Store now for use later" is the squirrel's policy and in the matter of household fuel it should be every good citizen's policy too. You can guess how busy transport will be next Winter. Don't be caught out!

What do I do...?

I order my Winter fuel now, and I take at least a tenth of my house coal requirements in coke or anthracite.

If I have a large household and can justify a stock of over 2 tons of house coal, or 4 tons of other fuel, I apply to my Local Fuel Overseer for a licence which permits me to order my share of additional supplies now.

I remember that when the cold weather comes houses with *no* storage space will have priority in deliveries.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

FOOD FACTS

The special allowance of sugar for preserves means that you'll want to make as much jam as fruit and sugar allow. Any fruit you get in addition to this — from your own or a friend's garden — can be bottled for later use, when no fresh fruit is available.

This week we describe the sterilizing method. This method is recommended for beginners, and has the added advantage of preserving the colour, flavour, and texture of the fruit slightly better than the other methods. The other methods will be described later.

The Sterilizing Method

1. Your jars must be perfectly clean. If using jam jars with screw closures, be sure the rim on which the rubber band rests is perfectly flat all the way round.
2. Use only sound, unblemished fruit. Pack the jars tightly with it, almost to top of jar.
3. Cover fruit with cold water, filling jars to overflowing.
4. Fix the rubber rings (previously soaked in cold water) and lids in position with the clip or screw-band. Where the screw-band is used it should be given a half-turn back to allow for expansion.
5. Put some newspaper, cloth or straw in the bottom of a deep pan; place the jars in the pan and completely cover with cold water. The jars should not touch each other or the side of the pan.
6. Bring the water slowly to simmering point (this should take 1½ hours) and maintain at this temperature for 15 minutes. (Pears and tomatoes require 30 minutes.)
7. Remove the bottles one at a time from the pan; place on a wooden table. Tighten screw-bands.
8. Test next day as follows: Remove screw-band or clip, then take hold of the metal or glass lid, and gently lift up. If the lid does not become detached but lifts the bottle safely, it means the seal is perfect.

A Warning About Vegetables

Don't preserve vegetables (except tomatoes) by any of the bottling methods!

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 159

Mars Bars are simply packed with delicious goodness. Make the most of them by cutting each bar into slices.

ZONING now restricts Mars to the Southern Counties. So here's hoping for quick victory — and plenty of Mars for everyone — everywhere.

Mars

HEALTHY GAINS for

YOUR BABY

Deep, peaceful, unbroken sleep is vital to infant growth. When baby is cross, fretful, sleepless, those weekly ounces of gain do not appear on the scales. Mother, take care! Look to baby's digestion.

The minute you see baby feverish, constipated, suffering with wind, just give a little 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. Soon comes pleasant relief. 'Milk of Magnesia' safely and surely sweetens the sour little stomach, regulates the tiny bowels, soothes and calms baby. And with sourness and sickness gone, with bowel movements regular, you are overjoyed to see restful, healthy sleep again. Baby makes those steady gains in weight that are the delight of every Mother. Doctors and Nurses everywhere recommend 'Milk of Magnesia' as a safe, ideal antacid and gentle laxative for babies. Be careful, Mother, remember to ask for 'MILK of Magnesia' which is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia. You can get it everywhere.

This meal-time drink is a food as well

Your family's regular meal-time drink can be a good body-building, energy-giving food — Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

makes every meal go further

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 31, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

PAPER, TIME, MONEY

● **Though the new ration books are now in use, the muddle of their distribution still goes on.**

In the last few days thousands of postcards have been addressed to people asking them politely to collect their books without further delay. And most of the people thus reminded have been in the Services for months!

An official admits that the books had already been inscribed with their names, and must therefore be scrapped.

So there has been waste of paper and card, waste of official labour in the checking and addressing of the books and postcards, waste of postal labour, waste of time and money.

All of which could have been avoided by a little co-operation between the Ministries concerned!

Straight from the Shoulder

GOING AHEAD

WITH the closing stages of the Battle for Sicily, the way is clear for the opening of another great military enterprise.

From now on the news should become even more interesting than of late—and of even higher significance.

Kites are Flying

Already our swift onrush towards Italy's Heel of Achilles promises important political consequences.

Peace kites are being flown in the vicinity of the Vatican by Hungary and Bulgaria, two countries which could not remain standing if Italy collapsed.

Unlucky Number?

So Hitler had more than purely military matters to discuss at his depressing thirteenth meeting with Mussolini.

No doubt the latter asked for reinforcements. But he needs more than men. He has become perilously short of materials since our air bombardment of Sardinia began.

Sudden Slump

From Sardinia, Italy's war factories obtained 90 per cent. of the lead and zinc ores they require. Our bombing has stopped that!

As for the bombing of Rome, that was dictated by military necessity. It may well have interfered with German military moves which the enemy hoped to conceal from us. And it will be repeated whenever Eisenhower deems it desirable for the progress of our armies.

Certain neutral countries might as well accept this fact.

It Cheers Us

The Sicilian campaign has had other effects. Anti-Fascist groups in Italy are growing bolder. In Germany there has been a wave of prosecutions—and savage sentences—for listening to foreign broadcasts. And in Sicily itself there has been an utter lack of co-operation between the Italian and German forces.

But the 8th Army has had a tough fight; we must presume that casualties have been high on both sides.

New Stalingrad

For size, ferocity and costliness, the battle in Russia still surpasses all else.

Orel has become a new Stalingrad. And the German people know it. The more Dr. Goebbels denies the comparison, the more widely it is accepted in the Fatherland.

Kharkov Again?

The Russian offensive (which certainly came as a surprise to official London) is one of the most crucial blows of the war.

For two years the German base at Orel has been a poisonous thorn in our ally's side. Now, by cutting the Orel-Briansk railway, the Russians are imperilling a vast arc of the German defences.

Even Kharkov is threatened. In the north a new offensive is based on Leningrad.

Superiority

Casualties on both sides are exceedingly heavy. But the German troops now seem somewhat inferior to their dead brothers. Their equipment is not up to British standards.

Whereas the Russian fighter is still dogged and well-armed. The Red Air Force is growing in superiority. *And the Russian artillery is as good as—if not a little better than—any other.*

Where's Goering?

Another thousand German 'planes, it is reported, have had to be switched to the Russian front. Certainly the *Luftwaffe* has already lost many thousands there—not to mention the 7,600 destroyed in Africa alone.

But this does not account for the remarkable inactivity of the *Luftwaffe* in southern and western Europe. Why, then, is Goering lying as low as Brer Rabbit?

In Reserve

Don't let us delude ourselves that his air force has been paralysed. It is now far inferior to ours, but is still capable of giving a few hard knocks.

We should be wise to presume that it is being kept in reserve—to meet the bigger enterprises we are planning.

Going South

That goes for the U-boats, too. Most of them have had to be withdrawn, the Axis admits, because of the heavy losses we have inflicted on them

But a few have been left to operate in the South Atlantic, reports suggest. If they prove successful, they will no doubt be reinforced—and a new Atlantic Battle will begin.

Wearing Them Down

The sun is rising in the Far East, and it is not Japan's. She faces increasing American air power and land reinforcements. Her warships are having to fight a war of attrition, and are steadily losing it.

Tokio will soon have to decide whether to risk its nice new battleships or have its island outposts cut off.

Pilot Dropped

America's home news is less satisfactory. Liberal opinion there is outraged by Mr. Roosevelt's snub to Vice-President Wallace.

Democrats everywhere, indeed, will be dismayed if Mr. Wallace—prophet of "the century of the common man"—has been elbowed-out to please Big Business and the preachers of a New Isolationism. We must hope that the President is only pretending to appease the Diehards until his re-election is accomplished.

Dangerous Optimism

Moreover, U.S. war production slumped badly last month. Though the fall has now been checked, though output is actually immense, there remains a danger that good news from the fronts may encourage workers thousands of miles away to "ease up."

Col. Knox has bid his fellow-countrymen to work for "the war in 1949"; his douche of cool water should be a useful corrective to over-optimism.

More from the Mines

Similarly, our own coal situation demands blunt words and realistic treatment. Sicily alone will have to be supplied with 50,000 to 80,000 tons of British coal; our stocks are hardly adequate for our own needs, and there are half a million fewer mining workers than at the end of the last war.

Who can be surprised that, as we comment on page 6, the Government is considering desperate measures?

Asking for Arms

The next few months will indeed bring heavy calls on all types of war materials. Aircraft, ships, guns, tanks and all their impedimenta will be used on a scale never before approached.

We must, besides, arm our allies in the occupied countries which we are determined to liberate.

Pooled Strength

Already we have assisted their exiled governments to the point of hurting ourselves. In money alone we have handed over £195,000,000, chiefly to the French and Poles. It was necessary to do so; generosity doesn't enter into the matter.

Nor should we talk of Lend-Lease, for that method is out of date, and its future settlements might cause trouble. Rather should we decide to *pool* the strength of all the United Nations—as JOHN BULL has urged these three years past.

Future Needs

Note that such a pooling of wealth, resources and productive capacity will be required no less in peace than in the present time.

Reconstruction will be as vast a task as Destruction; it will demand just as great an endeavour and as much selflessness. The world's riches will have to be redistributed and the world's scientists diverted to work on behalf not of this country or that but of all Humanity.

One Start

Scientists in Britain (after some four years of war) are at last to be given more of our money for research.

This Government announcement should not cause a frown on the face of the most harassed taxpayer. For Science returns good dividends.

Expensive Item

Disease alone costs us £250,000,000 a year, as Lord Dawson has recently remarked. More medical research could scale down this ruinous bill.

And better technical research should improve the efficiency of our industries.

Belated Sanity

If the war has taught us one thing, it is that there's no excuse for saying "The country can't afford it." We have proved that the real wealth of a country is not the gold hidden in its vaults, but the productive capacity of its people

By using it to its maximum in the coming months, the United Nations should easily be able to snap the Axis. Signs are not wanting that some of the Axis States—if not all—are beginning to realise this fact.

(Continued overleaf)

"A GODSEND TO HELP REPLACE MY PERSONAL LOSS"—

In these heartfelt words Mrs. E. E. Talbot, of 3, Mill Lane, Gnosall, Staffs., acknowledges the cheque paid to her by "John Bull" for clothing destroyed by fire,

"John Bull" offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits including protection for readers' furniture and personal effects against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, ETC.

In addition to

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

THE White Paper on the Government's post-war education plans had been awaited with impatience and some uneasiness. That uneasiness is completely allayed.

The forthcoming Education Bill is not a mere rewriting of previous Bills. It is something new, based on an understanding of modern realities.

Mr. Butler, President of the Board of Education, has tackled the problem in a big way—his job's a landmark in educational advance.

Feudalism Foiled

There's no denying that the first public education Act of 1870 had "Feudalism" for its ground plan. Later Acts, with improvements of one sort or another, still followed the original plan.

Social caste was written all over them. One sort of education for the sons of gentlemen; another for the children of working and middle classes.

Thanks to him!

In a democracy that kind of thinking is untenable. So now Mr. Butler has put the interest of the child first.

Many of the proposals were anticipated and will be accepted without reservation—raising the school leaving age, part-time education to 18, the abolition of the "special place" examination, free secondary education of various types, better training for teachers, smaller classes in school.

Cut Out Wrangling

These reforms were long overdue. The all-important point is that Mr. Butler's plan provides a framework within which all the most urgently needed improvements can be realised.

No wrangling about details should lose sight of the main strategy.

Time-Lag

Of course there'll be criticisms, and constructive criticism will be welcomed. Treatment of adult education and youth service is vague and needs elaborating. Technical education—so essential to-day—will not get going for some years.

And we have to ask how long it will take to find and train the 60,000 new teachers who will be necessary after the war.

Bold Treatment

But the two thorniest problems—denominational religious teaching and the units of local administration—have been handled with courage and skill. Mr. Butler might have tried to evade them, with disastrous results, but he has tackled them boldly, refusing to subordinate the interests of our children to sectional prejudices.

Altogether he has done a memorable piece of work.

For Sir Kingsley

So has the Chancellor of Exchequer been doing good work. But he still won't let us pay-as-we-go. The Treasury continues its examination of the difficulties.

We hope the experts saw the interesting suggestion made by Commander Humby recently in *Taxation*.

Very roughly, he argues that the income-tax assessor should tell employers of the status of their workers—whether they're single, married, married with a child, and so on.

Divide by 52

Then the employers would know what each worker's tax exemption limit was. The next step, says Commander Humby, would be to divide by 52 the annual tax payable on the excess of earnings over the allowances for each status.

By this means you'd have a ready reckoner, in the American and Canadian style, showing the weekly tax at the different wage levels.

Employers would merely have to look up this ready reckoner and pay out the sum which corresponded with the worker's status and allowances.

The Recruit

We hope the Army will be able to make good use of Private Kennedy 14625857 (in hospital).

He was called up two months ago while under medical treatment. His wife says an X-ray he'd had taken showed that he had only one lung.

Who's Right?

Lord Faringdon complains, in the House of Lords, of the delay in delivering letters to our men in North Africa.

Lord Croft says there isn't any delay. The arrangements are working smoothly and complaints are based on conditions five or six months ago.

A Reader tells us that lately he sent 26 postal orders to his son and not one was received till the Secretary for War was asked to help.

Oh, Please Hurry!

A financial expert notes that our Sicilian victory sent up the value of enemy securities, that since we won in Africa, Italian Credit 7 per cent. Sterling Bonds have come up from 18 to 42½. Buyers are counting on a quick defeat of the Axis and reckoning if it's quick enough European countries will have enough money left to pay their bondholders.

Isn't that an encouragement to our fighting men? Do hurry up, boys—the Stock Exchange is on your side.

Junk for £10

To turn to humbler (but present-day) profiteering at home, there's the bicycle position. Prices of second-hand machines are being sent up to fantastic heights by swarms of amateur middlemen.

Workers, forced to get to their jobs without adequate bus services, are paying £20 to £30 for high-class bicycles. And junk, which lasts a few weeks before falling to pieces, is being sold for £8 and even £10.

Garage—Full

The smart salesmen work from private addresses, and so far have found they can dodge the Price Regulation Committees. One of them was lately advertising as if he were a private person wishing to get rid of his own machine. He was found to have a garage-full of old bicycles.

Another of these "private" traders is offering good commission to anyone who will introduce sellers—not buyers. You can help a lot if you tell the authorities of any cases like these that come your way.

Roundabout

A reader who lives on a big farm near Retford, Notts., has two small children eligible for priority eggs. She's been getting a few now and then—but they've almost all been bad. The fresh eggs produced on the farm are sent off to a packing station.

From there presumably they start on their travels, and, maybe, when some are bad, get back again to Retford. Birmingham by way of Beachy Head seems a direct route by comparison.

Callous?

In writing to a North Shields woman to turn down a claim in respect of her late husband, the Ministry of Pensions quote Article 39 of the Order by His Majesty dated 12th February, 1943.

And the widow is told she can buy a copy of the order from the Stationery Office in Manchester. Surely the Ministry is not too busy to explain what this Article 39 is, instead of saying, "Go and buy it if you want to find out"?

Sir Walter Agrees

A fortnight ago we pointed out the stupidity of the Ministry of Pensions in fixing a £2 limit for payment of doctors' bills incurred by serving men's wives. Unless the bill was over £2 a wife couldn't claim, and we wondered whether this wouldn't encourage the "hitting-up" of medical fees.

Now the Pensions Minister, Sir Walter Womersley, says he's "been advised that the £2 limit is too high." Been advised, mark you. Anyway, he's set the figure at £1 now. We progress. . . .

Turned Down

It's now 15 months since Mr. Dalton, President of the Board of Trade, decided men shouldn't have turn-ups on their trousers.

Shopwalker or diplomat?

But, how very few turn-up-less trousers you see, except on shopwalkers and diplomats! The tailors said Mr. Dalton was being silly right from the beginning: that, except in mass production, his rule wouldn't save cloth. However that may be, a rule is certainly silly if no one wants it and it can't be enforced.

Face-Saving

It's like that with Miss Ellen Wilkinson's Home Security ruling that Fire Guards can't have a holiday unless they provide substitutes.

The Fire Guards don't worry unduly. They take their holidays on the principle that every conscript is entitled to leave. And Home Security doesn't prosecute. So the law's saved from being an ass; but it doesn't win much fresh respect.

In the Day's Work

A colleague reports a funny sight—R.A.F. flying officers on parade. All very formal, very brisk, and each one with his bicycle to show it was in good trim.

Overhead, their pals were stunting, or coming back from "ops." The D.F.C. pilot who'd lost his rear lamp—which meant a fourpenny "fine"—didn't look too dismayed. Worse things happen—in the air.

● **Four Italian prisoners-of-war live in a camp close to where England ends and Wales begins. They work in a sawmill twenty miles away, and every morning, except Sundays, a garage proprietor drives over in his taxi to collect them.**

He makes two return journeys of forty miles—eighty miles a day, and has a special allocation of 100 gallons of petrol a month for the job. At 9d. a mile he is paid at the rate of about eighteen pounds a week.

* * *

You can't believe it?

Wait a minute, the story doesn't end there.

A batch of prisoners from the same camp do land work near the sawmill, and they're taken over in a lorry. But as two different Ministries are involved, the four sawmill workers can't travel with the farm workers.

The garage proprietor is as disgusted as everyone else in the neighbourhood. But as he says, "If I don't do the job someone else will."

* * *

You don't have to be crazy to work in some of the Government's administrative Departments—but it helps.

BEHIND THE NEWS

● **Great success in our Sicilian bluff has been proved up to the hilt. The last moment plastering of Trapani on the island's north-west coast lured half the Axis aircraft to the west, while we struck 180 miles away in the south-east. Look out for more of these feints.**

● *From 2.45 a.m., when our invasion started, till 5.30 in the afternoon, Spitfires flew nearly 1,000 sorties, met only just over 100 enemy 'planes.*

● From then on our domination was so complete that pilots circled targets for forty-five minutes at a time without seeing enemy.

● **The German colony in Italy, in the meantime, has been secretly advised to leave Italy as soon as possible. Goering and Goebbels have disposed of their villas near Rome and Florence.**

● *There are reports of secret meetings between the Quisling rulers of Axis satellite countries in which the position of the Axis without Italy has been considered.*

● Oriental and Far Eastern Quislings, who have made their home in Berlin and Rome during the last eighteen months, have lost faith in European success of the Axis.

● **The Indian traitor, Bose, preferred to return to Japan from Germany, and both Rashid Ali and the ex-Mufti of Jerusalem, deciding Europe is too hot for them, have left for "an unknown destination."**

● *Their departure marks the end of Hitler's dreams of conquest in the Middle East, the grave of his hopes that his troops and navy would one day link up with the Japanese.*

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

TARGETS FOR TO-MORROW

JUSTICE in place of force, useful work for those who can do it, and freedom from want for the whole community—these are the main objectives of progressive thought to-day.

As we pointed out last week, there are several encouraging signs that the Nations, United in war, are already beginning to plan unitedly and internationally for peace.

But we couldn't in the space available do more than outline the ideas behind such things as the Allied Wheat Agreement, the Mutual Aid Agreement, the Keynes Plan for international currency reform, the Hot Springs Conference, and Sir Edgar R. Jones's World Trade Alliance proposals.

Now we intend to go rather further and to spotlight some of the targets for to-morrow—targets which should be attainable once there is general agreement on the basic principle of concerted effort among all friendly peoples

Leading men on both sides of the Atlantic are now seeking to meet the needs of *mankind*, rather than to promote the particular prosperity of their own nationals. For it is not possible to achieve lasting prosperity at home if poverty and distress are prevalent abroad.

This "wider thinking" has been admirably stimulated by the House of Lords debate initiated by Lord Southwood last week.

His motion called attention to the need for accelerating plans to avoid mass unemployment after the war—through international co-operation for the development of trade and through national reconstruction.

HE pointed out that the people's deep interest in the Beveridge Report is rooted in their longing for a better way of living after the war is won. And he said that, to the ordinary man and woman, this Report has become "a symbol of good intent."

"But there will be no Beveridge Plan," Lord Southwood added, "and; indeed, there will be no social security of any kind unless the world's resources are fully employed in the production and distribution of material wealth after this war."

That the Government is alive to this was made clear by Lord Snell in his reply, which gave firm assurance that everything possible is being done to secure economic co-operation between all nations after the war.

It is encouraging to note that support for the motion was forthcoming from such diverse political quarters.

International methods, so far as industry and commerce were concerned, were often farcical and tragic, said the Archbishop of York, adding that "there could surely be nothing more tragic than that some countries should be quite deliberately destroying food while in other countries there was the most serious malnutrition."

The noble Lords, Crewe, Davidson, Warrington and Sempill were others who supported the idea from the Government benches, the only objector being Lord Beaverbrook, who, while admiring the sentiments, doubted the possibility of their realisation. He was dealt with by Lord Addison, the Opposition Leader.

All who have the courage to face the facts and the wisdom to learn from them appreciate the vital importance of securing full employment through international control of price levels and the machinery of the world's commerce.

Assuming that this control can be achieved, what are the targets which the people of these islands wish to set for themselves and their leaders?

First and foremost is full employment—work for all at a decent living wage.

The depression of 1930-34 was enough to prove the ruinous cost of unemployment.

During that period this country lost some 22,000 *million* pounds worth of goods and services; little less than the *entire* cost of the last world war to all the belligerents engaged in it!

As we have seen, no country can guarantee employment for all its population except through international agreement. But our own country and most others *can* do something to mitigate this pre-war curse.

We can, for instance, aim at a just and business-like scheme of demobilisation. We can, to a certain extent, utilise available labour "surpluses" for national, as distinct from profit-making, purposes.

Sir William Beveridge is about to begin as a private venture a full investigation of employment problems. His report, when finally available, should be invaluable.

JOHN BULL also has solid reason to believe that the Government has been studying these problems keenly. Lord Snell and Lord Cranborne in the Lords, and Mr. Attlee, Mr. Eden and Mr. Herbert Morrison in the Commons, have recently pledged the Government to action.

Target Number 2 can certainly be summed up in the one word: "Housing." Even if the war were to end this year, this country would need 4,000,000 new homes for the people to live in.

Now, the Government has repeatedly put housing in the forefront of its reconstruction programme. The Premier places it high among the objectives of his Four-Years Plan. A separate Ministry—that of Town and Country Planning—has been set up for this purpose alone.

BUT the country will never get the housing it deserves until the State can buy the land it wants, where it wants it *and* at an equitable price.

Nor can local authorities make any useful plans for local development until this is done.

It is, therefore, essential that the Government should implement without delay the essential proposals of the Scott, Uthwatt and Barlow Reports, and thus arm itself with such powers as will alone enable it to carry through a truly progressive programme.

Target No. 3 is, in effect, a food target. The public wants to be certain that it will be able to obtain and afford an ample and sufficiently varied diet.

This, again, is a matter which depends to a large extent upon international co-operation, but the war has taught us how greatly home food production *can* be expanded and how disastrously stupid it was for us to let British agriculture fall into decay.

As to wages generally, the Fourth Target is simply this—Wage rates which will permit the worker a generous margin over the essential cost of living.

Sweating has got to be abolished in our new social order. And we *must* put an end to the age-old scandal of giving the lowest wages to the workers in the most arduous and dangerous employments.

Here, too, much remains to be done. But here, too, are definite indications that the Government intends to raise the standard of living among the miners and transform conditions in the Merchant Navy—to quote just two examples.

CERTAINLY there are many other targets at which "the common man" must aim in our own and every other friendly country.

He will certainly look forward to some form of internationalised world transport, such as will make the aeroplane "a blessing instead of a curse."

He will demand a sane use of the world's surpluses and a continued avoidance of waste. He will expect a monetary system that will protect his savings and give them a reasonable value all the world over.

As we showed last week, we can see the *beginnings* of the new order we desire. The wishes of the public are no longer in doubt, and the efforts to fulfil them are beginning to take shape.

But all these efforts need to be co-ordinated, and all of them depend upon the extension of the united purpose of the United Nations beyond the war into the coming peace.

We shall never have a better opportunity than the present for persuading our friends to work with us for the total betterment of mankind.

Factory which Has Seen the World

THIS is an Alice-in-Wonderland story. The only difference is that it happens to be true.

A French factory, captured by the Nazis, is turning out 'planes in which Russian pilots are fighting the *Luftwaffe*!

★ ★ ★

How it happened can now be revealed.

The story begins on a day when the immense Citröen factory at Strasbourg, close to the German border—and which had been turning out 'planes shortly before the fall of France—started its wanderings.

It had been dismantled and packed, lock, stock and barrel, into 800 lorries, and on that day it left for Bordeaux and, the directors hoped, safety.

But by the time it got there the Germans were sweeping towards the gates of Paris, and the directors of the factory made a swift decision to divert the 800 lorries to neutral Switzerland.

They were just too late.

The factory on wheels was captured by the Germans as it neared the Swiss border.

The cavalcade of lorries, driven by German soldiers, then began a third stage of its trip—this time back through its native Strasbourg and over the Rhine into Germany.

And there, for a time, it languished while the Nazis tried to decide what they were going to do with it.

They had their own factories in full production at that time, as yet unassaulted from the air, and were loath to spare the time and men needed to re-erect the Citröen plant.

★ ★ ★

A way out of the difficulty presented itself when Russia, from whom Germany was then drawing oil and wheat under the trade agreement which accompanied the non-aggression pact, complained that Germany was failing to deliver the machinery agreed upon as her share of the bargain.

Here was machinery that had cost Germany nothing.

So the Citröen factory was driven across Germany from east to west and delivered to Russia, complete with the 800 lorries which contained it.

★ ★ ★

The lorries eventually came to an end of their trans-Continental meanderings in the foothills of the Ural Mountains, where at last their contents were uncrated.

In its new surroundings the factory was swiftly reborn—though not so swiftly as to be completed before Germany launched her attack on Russia.

But it wasn't many days later that it began working.

And ever since the ex-Strasbourg ex-Citröen factory has been turning out in a steady, relentless stream, thousands of the best 'planes flown by the Red Air Force.

That is how one small part, at any rate, of France is sharing in the war against Germany on the Russian front!

PATRICK SPENCER.

OPEN LETTERS

Sir ALEXANDER RAMSAY, Director, Engineering Employers' Federation

DEAR SIR,—Your hope that if Labour is resilient enough to get through the first six or nine months of peace we shall settle down on a stable and proper basis, is one all people will echo.

But why only Labour? Combined operations to-day among the Fighting Services are tracing the pattern of victory. Combined operations on the home front when that pattern is complete will be no less necessary.

Employers must be resilient, too. In addition, they must have vision. The transition from war industry to peace industry will create a crop of exceedingly complex problems.

Some of those problems must be anticipated. Employers owe a duty to the men who went to fight. Primarily that duty is to provide jobs for them. And the time to plan those jobs is now.

In effect, you would say to the ex-soldier on his return: "Just six or nine months' resilience and all will be well. It may mean low wages or a few weeks on the dole, but when things settle down . . ."

It won't do, Sir Alexander; you should be talking of re-organisation, not resilience.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD WOOLTON, Minister of Food

MY LORD,—The experiment to issue to expectant mothers in fifty large factories supplies of orange juice, cod-liver oil and vitamin tablets is, I hope, an earnest of the intention of your Ministry to tackle the food problems of to-morrow

Sir John Boyd Orr has emphasised at a London conference on Post-War Food Problems the importance of bringing the state of the nutrition of the people up to the health standard.

He reveals that one-third of the people in this country have to feed under that standard. The result is that deficiency diseases are prevalent. Proper and decent feeding, said Sir John, would add four years of life to the English and ten years to the Scots.

These revelations must concern you and your expert advisers. Your nutritional scientists, aware of the deficiencies in our war time diet, have done wonders in checking what might have developed into serious and widespread ill-health.

Their job in the future will be to make the nation food-conscious, and to ensure a standard of physical fitness superior to that of pre-war years. Give them scope to do it.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILL LAWTHER, President, Mineworkers' Federation

DEAR MR LAWTHER.—Mr. Bevin's warning that in order to maintain coal output he may have to direct compulsorily to the pits boys aged sixteen to eighteen seems to have fallen unpleasantly on the ears of some miners' delegates.

I can understand that. The miners have been abused, criticised and slandered in past years by men and women not fit to wipe the coal dust off their boots.

And the sturdy independence of miners as a whole has often been used as a peg on which to hang the red coat of revolutionary ambition.

Now, the miners once again are asked to approve a scheme which presents to them problems of peculiar importance. If I know the spirit animating the men who have toiled so magnificently for Britain's coal, they will do their best to make the scheme work

Before Mr. Bevin announced his proposal you had pledged that the miners would examine every plan placed before them having for its immediate object the improvement of the industry to increase still further the coal needed for Allied victory.

At the same time you stressed the need for the nationalisation of the industry. The mines are a vital part in the nation's economic frame. And, as such, they must be run for the nation.

In the stress of war such problems must be shelved. But when the time comes for a new deal for the miners you can count on me for every possible support.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. PHILIP NOEL-BAKER, M.P., Ministry of War Transport

DEAR SIR,—When you attended the annual meeting of the National Union of Seamen you heard delegates complain of scandalous conditions of ships of the Merchant Navy.

Certain shipowners, you were told, do not provide messing and eating utensils or bedding for crews.

Many people in this country to-day would hate the prospect of a sea trip in the most luxurious circumstances. A soft bed and excellent food would not compensate for a watery grave or days spent in a lifeboat waiting for the arrival of a rescue vessel.

The Government lays down certain standards for the Navy. It safeguards the food of ratings, provides them with as much comfort as may reasonably be expected at sea.

It may be argued that merchant seamen are better paid than the Navy. But the shipowners are, I expect, making better profits. Why can't some of those profits be spent on improving conditions in the forecastle?—JOHN BULL.

Lord RENNELL of RODD, Allied Military Government, Sicily

MY LORD,—It is a mighty important experiment you and your colleagues are trying out in Sicily. But I hear it is going mighty well, and I am glad you are being aided by the mayors and local officials who previously had to pay lip-service to Fascism in order to keep their jobs.

You are controlling the food situation. You are re-opening the banks. Prices must be controlled to save the people from inflation caused by the sudden influx of purchasing power by the Allied armies.

Not only Sicily is concerned. For upon your experience will be based plans for larger and nearer countries that we are determined to occupy.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. R. S. HUDSON, M.P., Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—A survey taken by one of your departments showed that 96 per cent. of those cultivating allotments wanted to continue after the war.

That is good news. Health-giving fresh vegetables will be as essential after the war as they are now. And I hope that your Ministry will fight tooth and nail for the retention of our 1,700,000 allotments or, at least, will provide alternative sites when land at present being cultivated is needed for other essential purposes.

But the issues arising are greater than that. To-day the allotments of the country are lacking proper direction and organisation. At certain times of the year surplus vegetables run to seed or rot in the ground.

It should be the duty of your experts when peace comes to solve this problem of waste.

Every group of allotments should be so organised that machinery is available to collect surplus produce and put it on the local markets. The nation would benefit. So would the housewife. And so would the man who grows the food.

Keep the country allotment-minded. And keep the waste down.—JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES, Chertsey

YOUR WORSHIPS,—A Twickenham man on secret work was said to have been late each day for six weeks. His excuse was that his journeys took one and a half or two hours, and his requests for a transfer had been refused.

You fined him £10. And you commented that you felt strongly that a works committee should be set up at the factory. To which I would add just this—that if labour officials posted workers as *near* to their homes as possible there would be an all-round increase in our war effort.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

Children and Fulfilment

I HAPPENED to be staying in a farmhouse when I read the recent and somewhat alarming Commons debate on the declining birthrate

The people in that history-stained house—it is 500 years old—nearly all, in turn, had views to express on the matter.

Sir F. Fremantle, the Conservative member for St. Albans, told his fellow M.P.s that the main cause of Britain's declining population was lack of family instinct.

It had been suffocated, he declared, by a love of luxury and pleasure. And he added that women nowadays wanted to earn money and have a career.

* * *

My hostess was a charming woman in the middle sixties. Her husband, equally charming, was in the early seventies. They were charming to me, and if they were charming to me, their critical son-in-law, then their charm must be solid and definite.

They have seven children. Some are middle-aged; others are approaching that difficult stage of life.

They still work hard. This morning when I was fast asleep and dreaming hours ahead of breakfast, "the old man," as he is affectionately called, was up and about, cutting hay with a scythe.

He seems to be "on the go" the whole of the day. He and his wife look after a flock of bleating, ever-demanding goats.

"The old man"—the children around know him as the "old goat man"—delivers the milk to families in the locality. He takes the animals for walks in the afternoon and they follow like well-trained dogs.

His wife coddles the kids, feeds each in turn with a bottle. She prepares massive meals.

Life goes along haphazardly, apparently in aimless fashion. People drop in for meals. The old-fashioned hospitality still prevails—always to the detriment of the family rations.

* * *

I really set out to refute Sir F. Fremantle's statement. Instead I have written about a man and a woman who, through their children, have retained down the years a selflessness which is sometimes carried to the point of personal hardship.

On reflection, it doesn't really matter whether the M.P. for St. Albans is right or wrong, although, undoubtedly, he is wrong.

What really matters is that the family instinct is not lacking: and that when one sees the true fruits of that instinct one realises it cannot die.

There are many miserable childless couples in Britain to-day. Some, awaiting the call of death, are merely shells of men and women. To them has come in full measure the meaning of wasted, futile years.

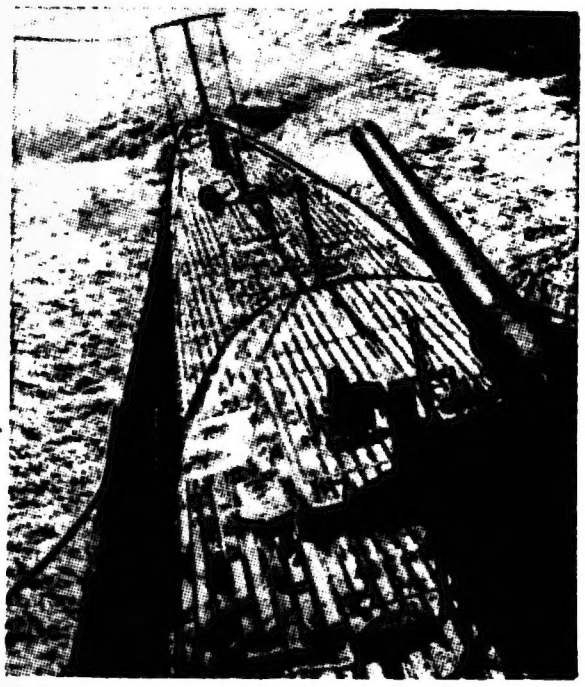
But I'm certain that if all childless couples could spend a few happy, aimless days with the "old goat man" and his wife, the Registrar of Births would be in for a busy time.

SONS OF THE SEA—3

By COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS

Even Sharks Couldn't Upset Them

★ Here is the story of a man whose ship was torpedoed. The explosion injured his spine. He endured long nights on a raft which the hungry sharks tried to upset. And, recovering from his ordeal, he's determined to go back to sea. That's British spirit!



The long grey hulk of a U-boat rose close to the castaways — the same enemy that had sunk their ship four days before. "The fortune of war," as the German commander commented

NOSING her way through a black March night in the tropic seas was an ordinary freighter.

She was not a pretty ship, but a square-built vessel that had a nodding acquaintance with the ports of half the world, in peace and war.

She was going to join a convoy homeward bound, after a long trip, and her people were looking forward to seeing the fugitive English Springtime that means so much more to sailors than it does to you at home.

Fatal Blow

And then a German torpedo hit her square in the side and tore a fatal gap.

The freighter woke to desperate life. Men ran thudding about their duties. Down below, the radio operator was burning his books and codes. Crew and passengers began to gather on deck, and start to get the boats away.

One man, Gunner Edward Elliott, whose home is in the Shepherd's Bush district of London, had been on deck when the torpedo struck.

The explosion blew him six or eight feet into the air, and then flung him down on his back on to the iron deck below.

Blinded by the gush of fire from the explosion, with four ribs broken and a spine now badly damaged, Elliott tried in vain to pick himself up.

However, the position in which he lay was quite near the falls of one of the lifeboats, so he wriggled on to his side so as to free an electric torch from his pocket, and directed it on the boat so that other men working there in the darkness could see what they were about.

But a second torpedo came sliding through the darkness, and struck the ship, bursting open the engine-room and simply blowing the vessel to bits. She did not sink, she disintegrated.

Elliott was hurled into the air a second time, and came down in the tumultuous sea that heaved and choked after the explosion; and as he struck out, on emerging from beneath the salty black water, he dimly saw a man's back against the night sky.

The man was sitting on a float, a tiny, insecure thing about the size of a hearthrug. Elliott managed to paddle himself across to the float, despite his injuries, and shouted lustily. The man leaned down, and, with a good deal of difficulty, pulled him aboard.

Difficult Task

This man's name was Frank Brothers, and he was an ex-Mounted Policeman from Tanganyika.

Perhaps half an hour later, they heard a sudden feeble cry from the water near by, and shouted back. The swimmer was the ship's radio operator.

They dragged him on to the float—a matter of great difficulty, for there was very barely enough room for three on it, and it was riding low because of being overweighted.

The sun was very hot by day; at night the wind was chill. After four days Elliott saw what he thought to be a mast in the middle distance.

A mast! Imagination! Small sailing ships are not found hundreds of miles from land.

Yet he took the top of his tobacco-tin and carefully caught the rays of the tropical sun on it, using it as a heliograph.

The mast came nearer.

"By God, it's a periscope!" Brothers said, hoarsely. "Keep on signalling. Keep on. Keep on!"

The periscope rose. The U-boat was surfacing.

The conning-tower opened, and some officers came out, bearded, grey-faced from long confinement underseas.

"I'm sorry I can't take you aboard," the Commander said, in perfectly good English. "We're full up this trip, and if I take any more people on, we shan't be able to submerge. And your patrols, to tell you the truth, sometimes make us submerge very quickly!"

No Answer

He smiled down on them as they crouched crowded on the little float, listening to their sentence.

"Can you give us our position?" Elliott asked. "We are from a ship sunk four nights ago."

★

★

"Which ship was that?" the German asked.

The men on the float maintained a stolid silence.

The German officer smiled.

"You are plucky, you English sailors," he said. And he gave them their exact position, adding: "I sank your ship. I'm sorry, but it was the fortune of war. Perhaps your turn will come next. Your people chase us hard enough!

"Here's a tin of biscuits and a bottle of cognac," he added, passing the things down to them on the float.

"Have you any cigarettes to spare?" Elliott asked. "And if you could fill up our water-jar? . . ."

The German tossed down two packets of smokes and the water-jar was filled to the top.

Then the conning-tower hatch closed, and the submarine began to submerge.

Half an hour afterwards the sharks were back again. The presence of the big ship had frightened them off for a time, but they are persistent creatures.

It was during that night before they met the submarine that the sharks first deliberately tried to overset the float and throw the men into the water. They flashed down under it, smacking it viciously with their tails.

Then for a time they would draw off, baffled, only to come again silently, so that the first warning the men had was the sudden violent rocking from the jarring push beneath their feet.

Day after day and night after night this went on, the sharks growing slowly and steadily bolder in their attacks, and exerting more weight in their tail-flick efforts to upset the float.

By the eighth day all the water was used up. The cigarettes, that solace of castaways, were long since finished. The biscuits were very low.

On the ninth day the big shark gave up. He made one of his half-hearted attacks during the burning morning, and was very nearly hit on the nose. It scared him, and he went off in a flurry and did not return.

During the afternoon the two others turned and swam off together. That was the first time for over a week that the raft had been left unattended. It was a portent.

On the tenth day the radio operator died. Elliott, suffering badly from his injuries, found his mind constantly wandering, and talked to people who were not there. Brothers crouched in his corner.

Lucky Thirteenth

On the lucky thirteenth day, when the last two men were at the end of their tether, a British freighter stumped over the horizon, standing straight towards them.

Weeks later, at his home in Shepherd's Bush, Elliott lay in a chair recovering from his injuries, but well enough to talk of his experiences. He was asked what he intended to do when he got well.

"I've been at sea on and off for ten years," he said. "As soon as I'm passed as fit again I shall go back. Where else should I go? We've got to see this thing through."

Switzerland's Frontier Trouble

THE police chief in the little town of Schaan, in Liechtenstein-Switzerland, knew how the Tommies felt in Tunisia.

Every day for months past he's had grinning Germans coming to him with their hands up, offering themselves for internment, glad to be out of the war.

In six months more than 14,000 refugees have illegally crossed the Swiss frontier. Thousands are deserters from the German army. Some come from as far afield as Rumania.

★ ★ ★

The stream increases perceptibly whenever Hitler or his Party chiefs make a gloomy speech. Recently there has been a boom in war-weary Italians sneaking into neutrality across the famous St. Bernard Pass.

Councillor von Steiger, Swiss Minister of Justice, has estimated that another 100,000 people are trying to escape from France. Some days, indeed, as many as 100 refugees try to find asylum.

"Clandestine entry" to-day is a roaring topic to Switzerland's 4,300,000 inhabitants. One person in five is in the army and the defence budget so far has got to the staggering total—for such a small country—of £350,000,000.

Harder rationed than the British—1 lb. sugar, 6 oz. coffee, two eggs, and ¼ lb. butter per head per month is the rigid rule—the Swiss have no spare food for hungry mouths.

Besides, the increase in secret entry spreads the danger of typhus. Swiss bathers in the Rhine were fired on by German machine-gunners because swimming deserters were mixing with the bathers.

It's a headachy problem. The other week a Nazi training 'plane landed at a Swiss airport and the two occupants surrendered. The Swiss returned them to Germany because they were carrying no armament.

A few days later the same 'plane with different flyers came down again—and this time a machine-gun was screwed to the cockpit.

Vichy has closed the entire market town of Megeve, in Savoy, because so many of the Italian occupation troops have been vanishing. The Germans have established a two-mile "forbidden zone" near by. A protective fence has been strung by the Nazis along the full length of their frontier.

Still the illicit stream keeps coming. Not long ago two Swiss soldiers were sentenced for treason because they had allowed foreign troops to cross the frontier. The possibility of a growing Fifth Column is not the least risk to be faced in the Swiss instinct for mercy.

★ ★ ★

Take the mountain country in eastern Switzerland. To the inhabitants of the higher valleys their Austrian neighbours have been their personal friends. Though it may mean a perilous journey across the forbidding Silvretta Glacier, the mountain folk cannot be deaf to the appeals from their comrades just across the boundary.

In the last war Silvretta was a highway for smuggling in sugar, tobacco and coffee. To-day it carries a human cargo.

HAROLD A. ALBERT.

The Back Door to

★ *If Italy collapses, Hitler will not be able to keep his grip on the Balkans. We can then deprive him of Rumanian oil, pour in a stream of supplies to Russia, open a Fourth Front—and burst into Germany itself*

By A. G. GARDINER

It happens every day in Sicily. Prisoners stream past our watchful troops, who have shown Hitler that his southern front is no longer secure.

WITH the dazzling triumph in Sicily and the catastrophic defeat of the Germans in the Kursk salient the turn in the tide of war assumes decisive momentum.

The turn came in those tremendous days of November last when Stalingrad and Alamein shattered the Axis strategy. Since then we have never looked back. Now the final grapple is here.

This is a moment when we may well pay a tribute to those who have brought this great thing to pass. For it is in the realm of strategy that we have worn a mighty and victorious enemy down and got him with his back to the wall and "groggy" at the knees.

No feature of the Allied strategy has been more brilliant or more justified by events than the concentration upon the Mediterranean and the Middle East as the key theatre of the war.

When France collapsed that theatre seemed lost. Under less bold and imaginative leadership it would have been lost. (Remember that at that time we stood alone.)

* * *

But even under the threat of invasion at home Mr. Churchill risked everything to keep possession of the key of the Suez, with all that that key meant.

IN THE DARKEST HOUR, WITH OUR FATE HANGING AS IT WERE BY A THREAD, AND OUR RESOURCES AT THE LOWEST, WE CONQUERED ABYSSINIA, SNATCHED SYRIA AND PERSIA FROM THE JAWS OF THE AXIS, AND LAID PLANS FOR THE CONQUEST OF NORTH AFRICA AND THE COMPLETE COMMAND OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

But in this diversion of the war to the Mediterranean Mr. Churchill had another motive. It was Hitler's vulnerable heel. Italy, in his own words, was "the soft underbelly of the Axis."

With the British Navy in command of the Mediterranean we should have that underbelly at our mercy.

It was a great strategic idea. And it was helped by a blazing strategic blunder on the other side.

Hitler turned away from the Mediterranean and the Balkans and flung himself upon Russia. And in Russia he has been bogged ever since.

There millions of the flower of his army have been destroyed, and there to-day 190 of his 260 depleted divisions are locked, unable to advance, not daring to retreat. And a third Russian winter looms ahead of the doomed host.

* * *

It is in these circumstances that the Allied strategy has achieved its goal, and that the invasion of Europe has begun.

HOW LONG ITALY CAN HOLD OUT REMAINS TO BE SEEN. DAYS? WEEKS? A MONTH? IT CANNOT BE LONG, FOR HITLER HAS NOT THE POWER TO SAVE HER, AND SHE CANNOT SAVE HERSELF.

On this point all that need be said is the comment of a prominent member of the German Embassy at Istanbul, which has leaked out and been published in the *Times*:

> *"Italy ceased long ago to be of any use to Germany, and, in fact, she has become an increasingly heavy burden which is now taking on the proportions of a definite and deadly peril. . . . We shall do all we can to save Sicily, but if the Allies succeed in conquering that island entirely that will mean the end of Italy, and it is extremely doubtful whether Germany will consent any longer to drain her own resources in a vain attempt to revivify a corpse.*

But Germany cannot cut her losses by a stroke of the pen. The defection of Italy will be the equivalent of many defeats on the battlefield.

Consider some of the consequences. The fall of Mussolini will sound the death knell of gangsterism in Europe as the fall of fellow countryman Al Capone sounded the death knell of gangsterism in America. Hitler cannot long survive him.

But the fate of these blackguards, except as picturesque incidents, has ceased to be important. They have both outlived their day.

We may say of their end, whenever it comes, as Talleyrand said on hearing of the death of Napoleon: "Once it would have been an event. Now it is only a piece of news."

It is the effect of Italy's defection on the war that will be important. This will be felt all over Europe, indeed, all over the world—not least of all in far Japan.

Exiled Armies are Ready to Return

FRENCH troops are among the Allied forces in Sicily.

You can imagine their feelings as they set foot on Europe again; feelings which, eventually, will be shared by a vast and variegated army of our Continental Allies.

One army? It comprises many armies. It has trained with zeal and enthusiasm. Now, on many fronts, it is ready to fight again in Europe.

★ ★ ★

We have almost forgotten the gallant Polish airmen who stood by Britain in the great air battles of 1940, flying in many squadrons against heavy odds, eager to defend us.

They have since been flying regularly with the R.A.F. and in their own squadrons.

Polish units were among the "rats of Tobruk." There are Polish armies in Africa and in the Middle East.

Many hundreds of Polish sailors serve in submarines. Others sail the Seven Seas on their own destroyers, and their duties in the Allied blockade are compensation for the policy of starvation which Hitler employs against their wives and children under his yoke.

Hundreds of decorations for gallantry in every field of battle, in every sphere of this giant struggle, have been awarded to Poles *after* the occupation of Poland. Now they are itching to earn a crowning glory on Polish battlefields from which, they are sure, they will drive Hitler soon.

There is drama, too, in the story of the many thousands of Norwegians who risked their lives to leave the country to which they are anxious to return as liberators.

Hitler placed his hopes in a few quislings and paid traitors. But here is an ardent army which thanks the Allies for weapons and the opportunity to share in the greatest task of modern civilisation.

Norwegian air squadrons have been joined into a formidable force; Norwegian sailors share the risks, dangers, but also the prospect of victory which is the glory of the British Navy.

It is natural that the forces of Allied countries on the *fringe* of Europe should take the limelight now. But we should not underestimate the strength and valour of the Czechs, probably the best organised units in the Allied camp.

It was a Czech airman, Kuttelwascher, who paved the way for the great train-busting campaign against the Axis across the Channel.

★ ★ ★

Though you may not know their names—and may have even greater difficulty in pronouncing them—I can assure you that there is a multitude of Czech airmen who are working as steadily, fearlessly and effectively for the downfall of the Axis as Kuttelwascher does.

Stirred by the great tradition of the Czech Legion of the last war, Czech troops, Czech airmen, even Czech sailors, are in an explosive fighting mood. They know that the United Nations count on them in the great struggle for the defeat of the Axis in Europe.

But even though the hour may be distant yet when the reconstituted Czech army will set foot on the soil of its own country, other Allied troops face a more immediate prospect of action.

★ ★ ★

They are the Greek kilted Evzones. Already they have carried terror into the heart of the Axis. Big units of these incomparable fighters are ready in Africa to join in operations against the Balkans.

They have fought grand battles already. And we must not forget the share of Greek merchant sailors and Greek merchant shipping in the Battle of the Atlantic.

Their number is greater than you would imagine. But probably the greatest of all our Allied armies is French.

Behind the gallant generals who held out at Bir Hakim and hit Rommel in the rear stands now an army which, whatever the French political divisions, is united in the determination to enter metropolitan France as victors and liberators.

How Hitler would like to know the exact strength and composition of all these allied armies!

And he will find out soon enough that they are stronger even than he fears.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

Berlin

It will mean that the Axis is dead, that the European fortress is breached, that Germany is alone and isolated, and that wholly new problems of defence confront her.

All the rats will leave the sinking ship. All the satellite countries—Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria and the rest—will stampede to safety.

ALREADY HUNGARY HAS SCENTED DANGER, AND HAS WARNED GERMANY THAT SHE IS NOT AT WAR WITH BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

Nowhere will the consequences be so immediate and devastating as in the Balkans. It is there that Italy has played the rôle of jackal for Germany, and the withdrawal of her troops from Greece, Yugoslavia and Albania will throw on the impoverished resources of Germany a burden that may well break her.

For Greece and Yugoslavia have never been conquered, and the guerilla war that has been waged in both countries throughout the dark years will blaze heaven high when Italy's surrender proclaims that the hour of emancipation has come.

* * *

In short, if Italy goes it is difficult to see how the German grip on the Balkans can be maintained.

It is the backdoor to Berlin, and with the Italian littoral and the Adriatic in our hands, it should not be difficult to force it. We have the army, the ships and the planes already mobilised and victorious at hand.

We have the peoples passionately with us. And we have an enemy extended far from his base, operating in a hostile country, and conscious that he is fighting a losing battle.

There are two other points to remember. Once we are in the Balkans, the Rumanian oil supply will be cut off from Germany.

It will not escape a second time. And the other point is that war in the Balkans would mean war immediately behind the German battle-front in Russia.

I say nothing here about the repercussions of the Italian débâcle in the terrorised countries from France to Norway and Norway to Czechoslovakia. They are ripe for action, and the collapse of Italy will give the signal.

* * *

There is one other major consequence. With Italy out of the war, all the vast armament that has swept the enemy from Africa and the Mediterranean will be released for the final assault on Germany.

WE CAN INTENSIFY OUR OBLITERATION OF THE GERMAN WAR MACHINE FROM THE WEST. WE CAN POUR IN NEW STREAMS OF MATERIAL TO STRENGTHEN THE ARM OF RUSSIA IN THE EAST. WE CAN OPEN A FOURTH FRONT WHERE WE CHOOSE.

And with the Mediterranean cleaned up, we can bring the battle of the Atlantic, already half won, to a swift and victorious end.

If this reckoning of the consequences of the Italian rout is correct, it follows that the climax of the war is near.

It follows, also, that the strategy of the Allies from the fall of France onwards has been as brilliantly right as the strategy of Hitler has been fatally wrong.

RAF: World's Fastest Secret Service

★ Our invasion plans would not be possible without the super-spies of the R.A.F.—those seven-mile-a-minute cameramen who report on every movement of the enemy and whose photographs have inspired a new science of war

By a "John Bull" Representative

One of the camera wizards of the air at work

CLICKING through hostile skies in seven-mile-a-minute 'planes, the R.A.F.'s strip-camera "aces" have proved to be the Secret Service agents of this war.

Over Africa, Sicily, and the Western Front, they have provided the most remarkable invasion blueprints of all time

At Station X, headquarters of the R.A.F.'s vast photographic interpretation organisation, every square mile of vital enemy territory where the Battle of Western Europe may be fought is an open book.

The camera pilots racing as far as a thousand miles and more at a moment's notice and reporting back within hours, and the complex organisation behind them, have produced a new brand of Intelligence in this war.

Of how these camera wizards work, who they are, what machines they fly, little is said. They are among those to whom awards are usually described as for special and hazardous service.

Due tribute to them, and to the interpreters whose tools of trade are miraculous lenses, microscopes and stereoscopes, cannot yet be fully paid.

Virtually these interpreters did not exist before September, 1939: almost all are wartime trained. They and their new science are one of the romances and marvels of the war.

To-day no answer to any question on the results of the bombing offensive is possible without drawing on their skill. On them, more than on any other one source, the Air Ministry relies in assessing results.

It was their records an R.A.F. officer consulted to give me an up-to-date assessment of what the great daylight offensive against Western Europe is doing, particularly the bombing by the Fortresses.

Well Advanced

The R.A.F. is so advanced in this newest branch of Intelligence that for a time it did the photographic reconnaissance and interpretation for the Americans as well as for ourselves.

This new science has alone made possible, without wastage of effort, the speeding up of the air offensive that has softened the enemy's Western defences.

Within a few hours the R.A.F. and the U.S. Air Force commands are "reading" the first pictorial records of damage done.

As the records multiply there comes evidence of whether this or that tactical method of attack is succeeding or how it can be improved

First the bomb-bursts are photographed by the bombers themselves. Then the swift Recce. men go over to snatch their damage "snaps." Prints of this double evidence are compared.

Published photographs are to the inexpert not always convincing. One bit of damage much resembles another—a whitish spot here and another there that look like ruins.

"But are we really hitting the targets?" and "How do we know what's old and what new damage?" are questions reasonably asked.

Station X's interpreters have no such doubts.

Imaginary Trips

By various devices and methods of enlargement they are able to take imaginary trips as if over the roof-tops of the wrecked areas, when ruins that appear as mere pin-points on ordinary photographs are magnified to show themselves clearly for what they are.

Even the weapons one bombed factory was manufacturing were recognisable where they had been hurled by the explosion into the street.

Station X is assisted by other sources in knowing where in every vital German war centre the factories are and what they are making, and in finding other kinds of targets.

Keeping such information constantly up to date is not merely a matter of pin-pointing some easily identifiable area equivalent to our Whitehall, but of detailing targets in every enemy centre of war activity.

This target-encyclopædia enables pages of closely detailed typescript to be compiled in the interpretation of every photograph of a major raid. Damage extent is often defined to within yards and even feet.

Rings of red, green and other colours indicate old and new damage, or reconstruction: so it is possible to assess with a high degree of accuracy the new damage in any one raid.

Every phase of the bombing offensive is thus measured at flash speed and its precise value assessed.

Minutest Details

The story of the Fortresses since they got going in May with the heaviest daylight bombing of the war in the West, all of it done from about five miles high, is a good example.

A few words must here suffice to indicate what in hundreds and thousands the interpreters describe in the minutest detail:

HULS: Finest achievement up to mid-summer in daylight precision bombing from high altitudes.

Hüls lies on the Ruhr's northern boundary and to reach it the Forts. flew through 200 miles of Germany's most heavily defended territory. Their bombs straddled the whole of the target, one of the world's two greatest synthetic rubber works.

KIEL: Nearly all buildings in Germania shipbuilding yards damaged, including four boiler-houses and both power stations.

Direct hit on 1,600-ton U-boat, probable damage to five 740-tonners and two 500-tonners. Naval arsenal, floating dock and floating workshop hit.

BREMEN: Despite elaborate smoke-screen system, direct hit on shipyards, warehouses, railway sidings, engine sheds and marshalling yards.

FLENSBURG: Four submarine slips hit; much damage to both new and old shipyards.

BORDEAUX: Lock gates at entrance to two basins apparently breached, aero-engine works, railway main line and sidings hit.

Concentration of bombs in target area too dense to permit accurate plotting by interpreters of all individual hits.

Further Increases

The number of Forts. engaged in these recent raids cannot be disclosed, but in one it was ten times those employed in the earliest sorties and will show a huge further increase in the next two or three months.

As many as 250 Forts have been in the air at one time, able to defend themselves with 3,000 half-inch calibre guns firing 36,000 bullets a second!

In invasion "straffing" this gives them a double value. At Wilhelmshaven the eighty-five fighters they shot down were a substantial proportion of the thousand-odd single and twin-engine defenders the Anglo-American daylight offensive has pinned to the Western Front.

The R.A.F.'s present onslaught on enemy airfields by fighters, light and medium bombers is so straining the *Luftwaffe's* fighter strength that it could spare few reinforcements for Sicily.

In these blows the Spitfire is still fighter queen of the high skies: with a perfect complement for invasion tasks in the Typhoon, at its special height propably the fastest thing in the air.

Cannot be Measured

Morale effects of Mosquito raids on Germany cannot be measured by German sorties over Britain, where the word *blitz* has long lost its old meaning.

Nerve-wracked by constant night pounding, Germans wonder at every alert where the next 2,000 tons of bombs will be falling.

So do the hardest-worked experts in the R.A.F.—the interpreters "with wet towels round their heads." They can hardly cope with one shower of havoc pictures before the next descends on them!

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

BIG SCANDAL of WAR STORES

ONE of the worst scandals of the last war concerned the sale of what was known as war disposal stocks.

Stuff the taxpayer had paid hundreds of millions of pounds for was sold at auction for a mere song.

But the same taxpayers were bled to the whitest kind of white when they tried to buy an old Army hut for a temporary home, or a motor-cycle, or a length of balloon fabric for the wife's pillow-slips, from the dealers who bought in vast quantities at public auction.

RICH OVERNIGHT

Men became millionaires overnight buying these war-surplus goods at auction for mere shillings and disposing of them at fantastic prices to a public greedy for such articles.

But this is supposed to be a different war.

Notice that I say "supposed to be." For let us apply an acid test.

In order to do so I must introduce you to a certain Mr. Max Newman of London and Manchester.

He is by way of being a second-hand clothes dealer and contractor.

He is a so-called bargain specialist.

Sir Granville Gibson, Conservative M.P. for Pudsey and Otley, recently found good cause to raise Max Newman's name in the House of Commons.

This because Mr. Max Newman has been buying Service boots on a very big scale.

Sir Granville Gibson, who is in the leather trade, and can be expected to know something about it, is interested in discovering how it came about that some hundreds of thousands of Army second-hand boots were sold by Newman to a man in neutral Eire when this country is so short of leather.

I hope he obtains the information.

IT CAN BE DONE

So far as I can gather, one Government Department is putting the onus of official inquiry on to another!

For one of the biggest shoe manufacturing and repairing businesses in the world has proved to the authorities that it can carry out all necessary war-time repairs with the leather from these discarded Service boots for use of people in Great Britain.

And in the meantime people are finding it impossible to get shoes repaired—and children in particular are having to endure wet feet!

Mr. Max Newman has dealt in a large number of "bargains" in the last few years.

THEY'RE POORER

Many people are poorer and wiser because he has elected to do so.

One wonders why the first disposal stocks to be plunged on the open market as a consequence of this war should find their way into the hands of a man like Newman.

Sir Granville Gibson has been making a few inquiries about war disposal matters, and it has meant visiting a few Government depots.

He made the astonishing discovery that Government depots had accumulated so many pairs of discarded boots, most of them easily repairable for Service use, that they did not know what to do with them.

Many, he says, had to be burned. Others had to be dumped into the sea.

Sir Granville Gibson, M.P., says that Army boots are being burned—or dumped into the sea!

The real point, however, is that, instead of going through Newman to Eire, they could have been repaired here and used to keep us well shod. And we are far from well shod—particularly the children.

The authorities may elect not to believe that this can be done with old leather.

I can give them the name of a firm that is repairing hundreds of thousands of pairs of civilian boots every year with these Army discards, in a matter of a few days, and at a fraction of the price for repairs with new leather—*when new leather can be obtained.*

BOUGHT AS BARGAINS?

How wicked it is, therefore, that the Ministry of Supply has seen fit to sell all the discarded footwear that has not been dumped into the sea, or burned, at 30s. a ton—the Government paying carriage!

The average repair, remember, uses something less than an ounce of leather. *And there are 35,840 ounces to the ton.*

But the vast bulk of these boots are not bought by repairers.

They are bought—as most war disposal goods were bought after the last war—by bargain "specialists"—at a penny or twopence a pair, to be sold at a price which should lead them to affluence.

I spent an afternoon in a district vacated recently by troops who have gone to Sicily.

I saw whole lines of huts which could be used in the building of new houses, or which, in any case, thousands of soldiers would rather have as a home after the war than no home at all.

The local children were already kicking in the sides of them.

They are apparently being saved up to be sold in post-war auctions at a few pounds a hundred—to dealers who will probably exact a hundred pounds each or more for them, which will probably represent four times as much as a soldier has been able to save in the whole course of the war.

And I have looked round the yards of London salvage dealers.

I have seen stacks of ex-Government stocks that householders would delight to buy for the upkeep of their houses, or which would enable local authorities cheaply and expeditiously to repair bombed-out homes.

They have been bought for a mere song and, if they are ever used for housing purposes, it will be after they have passed through innumerable hands and prices have soared accordingly.

JOHN BULL has said before: there must be no war disposals racket this time, as there was last.

GOOD TIME COMING

These thousands of millions of pounds' worth of goods on which our war effort has been built up—they will solve many of our worst housing and other problems when the war ends. But only if they are used wisely and sanely on behalf of the public as a whole, and not to make millionaires of a few.

We must sell single articles direct to the million, rather than millions of articles to the one—who may be, and probably will be, a dealer keen on multiplying his original outlay by a hundred.

They are the nation's capital, and must be used for the nation.

So carry on with the good work you have started, Sir Granville!

I'm sure we shall all be greatly indebted to you if you do.

JOHN BULL will give you all the support it can.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. F. Kelly, Petterel Street, Carlisle, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Letters are appreciated on all matters requiring inquiry or comment. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU...

WHY DID THE ITALIAN FLEET HIDE?

● The last hour at which the Italian navy could have been of any use was the eve of the landing in Sicily.

Yet, split in two, as it was, because of Mussolini's earlier fears of attack on both sides of his peninsula, it stayed in port After that, it was powerless.

Apart from the rebellious attitude of crews which necessitated the placing over them of German officers, it is believed that the Italian battleships do not possess the necessary heavy armour-plate. Graft had put into the pockets of Fascist leaders much of the money voted to the navy.

When, a few months ago, the Mediterranean was open to our battleships, the fleet that was once so boosted by Mussolini that Baldwin, late in 1935, brought our warships through the Straits for fear of it, turned out to be impotent.

Had it come out, it would have been sunk—and that would have caused a panic in Italy.

For once, the coward's was the better way.

WHY NOT A UNITED NATIONS BADGE?

● Some argue for an emblem based on the flags of all the Allies, a sort of Inter-Union Jack.

Frankly, I am not a badge enthusiast.

Doing something, not wearing something, is what matters.

We must work out in detail the principles embodied in the Four Freedoms—freedom of religion, freedom of speech, freedom from want, and freedom from fear. If not, they will become not latitudes but platitudes.

If you don't have to wear the badge of slavery to become a serf—and in enslaved Europe only Jews are forced to wear a badge of any sort—you do not have to wear a badge of liberty to believe in, and to work for, the principles of freedom.

Besides, it is usually the badge-wearers who do the least.

DO MEN DISLIKE WOMEN DOCTORS?

● Major Margaret Craighill, the first woman doctor in the U.S. Army Medical Corps, says "The sicker a man is the more willing he is to accept a woman doctor."

A cynic might say she means "when he is sick of everything except women."

Women, I am certain, only accept men doctors because it is only within comparatively recent years that women were allowed to enter the medical profession.

As men have never, by reason of sex prejudice, been compelled to go to women for treatment, they still prefer men and will continue to do so.

EXPENSIVE SNAPSHOTS YOU CAN'T SEE!

SEVERAL unrecognisable smudges in my possession are supposed to be photographs of living persons.

But even under a powerful magnifying glass they fail to give the slightest detail of the people whose likeness they are supposed to represent.

★ ★ ★

They provide clear evidence, however, of a mean and wicked ramp in which the main victims are Servicemen and their relatives or friends.

One—to give a typical case—comes from the indignant father of a soldier who, with two of his comrades, was "snapped" during a recent visit to London on leave.

A man suddenly pushed a slip of paper in his hand, said he had just taken a picture of the three of them, and asked for 7s. 6d. The finished photographs, when developed, would be duly posted on.

The unrecognisable smudges were the result!

Now, there are many street photographers who carry on quite a legitimate business, and who give good value for the money charged.

But a large number are crooks who deliberately set out to swindle. The fact that Servicemen are chiefly their dupes doesn't worry them a bit.

Some take temporary offices and, after getting as much money as they can before complaints are likely to be lodged with the police, disappear to new hunting grounds.

★ ★ ★

And I know by inquiries at Scotland Yard that many complaints are being made!

Moral: Don't pay money to cameramen who cannot satisfy you that they represent genuine firms.

Sagas of the Suburbs.—10: *Stoke Newington*

★

By WILL SCOTT

There under our umbrella, with the solid sky above us and "The Cricketers" across the green, we must have looked like a drawing out of a musty copy of some forgotten journal of the nineties

Never Type Your Love-Letters!

HAVING lived in London all those years, but not too long to forget completely the heroes of my nursery books, I went at last to Stoke Newington to find the place where Defoe wrote "Robinson Crusoe."

But I did not find the place where Defoe wrote "Robinson Crusoe." I did not get within half a mile of it. For in the train was the woman in grey. And outside the train, once we were past Hackney Downs, was rain.

"Oh, dear," she said. "And I have neither raincoat nor umbrella."

And since I had an umbrella there was only one thing I could do, when I found she, too, was going to Stoke Newington.

She mentioned the name of a street, and a certain house in the street, and wondered if I knew it.

Which was how she came to begin to tell me the story of Archibald: a story she continued as we walked side by side through the grey chasm of Stoke Newington Station and down the dripping High Street and round a corner or two (after asking the way) to Stoke Newington Common, with its railway bridges looking down into the beginnings of the grey chasm.

There under our umbrella, with the solid sky above us and "The Cricketers" across the green filling in the background, we must have looked like a pen-and-ink drawing out of a musty copy of some forgotten journal of the nineties.

* * *

When the last century was very old, Archibald, who was young enough to be looking the right way, waited for the new century and its new wonders in a new house in a new street in Stoke Newington.

It was just about the latest thing in houses. It had cut-glass chandeliers and mirrors with oil-paintings across the bottom and hat-racks made of bisons' horns and the newest line in rocking-chairs and an overmantel with shelves to take a hundred memories of Brighton and Yarmouth. It even had a phonograph, one of the very first.

And there he lived, waiting for the new century and the day when Rose would share the brand-new future with him.

Rose, though, was a problem.

She didn't *see*. You could tell she thought he was just romancing when he talked of flying-machines and getting to New York in an hour and motor-cars in every back street and the electric light in every house.

Glass chandeliers and hat-racks made of bisons' horns were monstrosities to Rose. As was even the thought of a flying-machine. . . . For Rose lived in a little street off Knightsbridge, in the antique shop of her early Victorian father, and all her life had been lived against a background of maple-framed silhouettes and ruby-glass lamps and samplers and spinets and painted ivory fans.

That Rose loved Archibald she knew very well, and that Archibald loved Rose *he* knew very well.

But the life that Rose had lived until that time struck Archibald as dull beyond belief, and the life that he would have her lead struck Rose as horrible.

"He'll alter, though, when we're married," thought Rose.

"She'll see things differently afterwards," thought Archibald.

AND so, facing two ways though hand in hand, they walked on towards their wedding day.

When that wedding day was but a fortnight off Archibald bought a typewriter, and on it wrote a letter to Rose. And that, though neither realised it at the moment itself, was the beginning of the end.

Rose went out to Stoke Newington on the Sunday and burst into a flood of remonstrance when Archibald exhibited the "hideous" writing-machine.

At which Archibald burst into a flood of words and demanded to be told if she expected him to write to her with a quill pen out of a museum.

At which Rose cried: "If you mean my home——"

At which Archibald flashed: "Well, isn't it?"

At which Rose burst into a flood of tears and ran from the new house in Stoke Newington.

They said their last words together, little thinking they would be the last, under a tree near one of the bridges on Stoke Newington Common. Still facing two ways, they were no longer hand-in-hand. They quarrelled.

But when Rose went away in her carriage to Knightsbridge Archibald told himself that perhaps it was all for the best.

"Best to get it over before the wedding," he decided.

But there was no wedding. A letter from Rose, "written with a quill pen out of a museum," put an end to everything.

And Archibald, like more than one man before him, shut himself away in the new house at Stoke Newington, locking every room but a small room in which he lived, and turned his back on the world and women.

Rose married someone else and died long afterwards, and the someone else died, too, and their daughter came into sole possession of the antique shop in the little street off Knightsbridge.

And one day, getting on for fifty years after he had last seen Rose, Archibald died in his dusty house. Nobody cared. Nobody remembered. They opened up his house, blew away the dust, and prepared to sell everything up.

* * *

Still side by side under the dripping umbrella, we found the house at last.

"The sale doesn't start for another half-hour," said the woman in grey. "Why not come in?"

We looked at the cut-glass chandeliers and the mirrors with oil-paintings across the bottom and the hat-racks made of bisons' horns and the phonograph and the rest of the things.

"Whatever I have to bid," said the woman in grey, "I shall buy them. They won't look really at home until they're in the shop. Poor Archibald! Perhaps he'll turn in his grave. He treasured them because they were *new*!"

"Shop?" said I.

"The antique shop off Knightsbridge," said the woman in grey. "I'm Rose's daughter. Surely you guessed?"

IT'S A SKILLED JOB

HUMAN MACHINE

Is it possible to put too much emphasis on *learning* to think?

"Thinking is skilled work," said a psychologist recently. "It is not true that we are endowed naturally with the ability to think clearly and logically—without learning how, or without practising.

"People with untrained minds should no more expect to think clearly and logically than people who have never learnt and never practised can expect to find themselves good carpenters, golfers, bridge players, or pianists."

That is simple truth—yet there are any number of people in the world who don't, or won't, believe it. They imagine that anyone can think, that it's just as easy as falling off a log, and that there's nothing to it at all.

If you want to know how wrong such people are, all you have to do is get hold of a simple book on Logic and have a look at it.

And if you want to know how few people really can think, listen to the first two you come across having a discussion. How difficult it is for them to stick to a simple point!

Most people's "thinking" is just mind wandering, coloured with unnecessary emotion. But there's one comforting thing—it's never too late to begin to learn to think. You can start right now.

No Monuments for Comics

I'VE never seen a statue of a funny man. Have you?

So long as you never see the bright side of life you stand as good a chance as any other man of being perpetuated in bronze or marble and stuck up in a town hall or a public park.

But if you're the life and soul of the party, if you are one of Nature's comics, if you're a born funny man—well, you never have an earthly.

An odd state of affairs. Because if you go through life with a face as long as a fiddle nobody really seems to love you.

At a party you sit in a corner and people keep away. Women, as a rule, cross the street when they see you coming. They'll only think about marrying you when the stock of cheerful men begins to run short.

Children run away from you screaming and dogs try to bite you.

But once you're dead they'll carve you in marble and shove you in the market square.

If you're a born comic you've got the world in your hand.

"I like Mr. Thing. He's such a *cheerful* man."

"Look here, chaps, if we're going to throw this party we've got to get old Thing along. It'll be a washout without him."

"No, I never go to the Unicorn. I always use the Red Lion myself. Old Thing's always in there, you see—and talk about laugh!"

You can't run a successful committee or a concert or a carnival without a comic. If all the comics on earth died off overnight I think the rest of the human race would commit suicide.

Look at the professional comics. They always get the biggest fees, in stage plays, music-halls, films, anywhere.

If you're a professional comic you can live in a big house with ten servants and you can even run a Rolls. You can even get attention from those strange females who inhabit the other sides of post-office counters.

Yes, if you want to be really popular on this earth be a comic. Professional or amateur. On the stage or just in a 'bus. Be a comic.

Children will run after you and dogs will lick you. Even the grocer will say you can pay next week, and a boarding-house landlady will feed you for nothing so long as you'll stay at her house and attract the others.

But never expect a statue. Once you, as a comic, are dead you are done for. Once the party is over, the party that you have been the life and soul of, you are forgotten.

The world puts up statues to its George Washingtons, but never to its Mark Twains. There is in London a statue of Henry Irving, but there is no statue of Dan Leno.

Nobody on this earth will ever meet anybody under the Laurel and Hardy Column.

I can't understand it.

A. G.

★ *Little men with little minds, the Japanese are the arch-preachers of the gospel that might is right. Their Gestapo agents do not shrink from offending the Emperor himself. As for their captives, they subjected one British official to—*

800 Hours of the "Third Degree"

IT is easy to tell, by the way the Japanese are treating their prisoners now, that they are not so sure of winning as they were.

Less sure, for example, than when they arrested Mr. Vere Redman, formerly British Press Attaché at our Embassy in Tokyo.

After Pearl Harbour, when Japan thought everything was well begun, there was a general round-up of prominent Allied men. Redman was taken by force from the British Embassy, even though the Ambassador protested that it was a breach of diplomatic privilege.

He tried to push Redman behind him, but the Japanese detectives had come for their man and they used a curious phrase: "Stand aside, or we will force you. We are going to make this arrest in spite of your prohibition by the exercise of real power."

That was not just silly talk. It was careful talk. The Japanese were telling the Englishmen that real power is physical power—such as they had exercised in China and at Pearl Harbour.

Redman was taken away in a car. At the prison he was stripped, and all his clothes were taken away.

Couldn't Understand

You may remember that years ago the Japanese, when they were warming up for the blow at China, stripped British men and women at Tientsin. Then we did nothing about it.

The diplomatic Japanese blandly explained to journalists that they could not understand the fuss we were making about stripping a few people.

They themselves thought nothing of being stripped, of bathing in the nude, and so on.

But behind it all is the one idea that counts for so much in the East—you make your enemy "lose face," and it takes a long time to recover from what they regard as a terrible blow to prestige.

So this Press attaché's clothes were taken away.

Then the questioning began. The Jap police kept at it for 800 hours, spread over eight months.

Day after day, hour after hour, they asked, Who? What? Where? When?

Wanted Precise Information

They wanted information, principally about the people the Press Attaché had been talking to in the course of his work. And they wanted to use the information against many prominent people in Japan.

It made no difference whether the people concerned were high up or even at one time at the court of the Emperor—the Gestapo of the Far East wanted it all.

These geisha girls suggest the Japan of the romantic novels. But the real Japan is not so pretty.

The party of the New Structure, as the war party is poetically called, is controlled by men who use Pearl Harbour methods in everything. It does not matter who it is; if he is in the way, he will be removed.

The Gestapo has to make sure. They began by asking Redman about Admiral Saito? What did he talk about?

It could make no difference what Redman had said to the Gestapo about Saito, for he was assassinated years before. He had got in somebody's way. Only, the Gestapo wanted to complete a case "by the exercise of real power."

Then they came to Prince Konoye, a former Prime Minister of Japan. "Did you," asked the Gestapo of Nippon, "try to influence him against the Tripartite Pact?"

Yes, Redman had done that, and he said so. It was his duty to do that. He did not know how far he had influenced him.

Prince Konoye went out of public life as the little dictator of Japan; General "Razor" Tojo came in. Konoye was too civilised for Tojo.

Emperor Doesn't Count

Next was Matsudaira, who for a time was Minister to the Emperor's household. Did Redman try to influence him? Yes, and, therefore, did he try to influence the Emperor through him?

Redman could not answer that, for he had only spoken to Matsudaira, and, so far as he knew, the Emperor had never heard a word of their talk.

Tojo's men do not care whether they offend the Emperor. They suspect everyone, and that does not exclude the ruler of their land. It is natural that they should suspect anyone in the palace who talked with an English Press attaché. So they kept on asking questions—just in case there should be a fatal word.

The Nippon Gestapo even wanted to know how many De Gaullists there were at that time in Tokyo, for France, because of her colony, Indo-China, was formerly a power in the Far East.

Redman knew of only one for certain—his wife. Then he remembered another one—a Frenchman, whose name he wrote down.

The little detectives hurried away, spent a long time questioning the Frenchman, and then found out that he was a Vichyite. It was Redman's little joke.

It took a long time to check the statements about the Frenchman. But the Axis would want to know all about every Frenchman in Tokyo, in case it helped them in the West. So the Japs inquired, and when they realised their legs had been pulled they punished Redman.

They knew he was a heavy smoker. He had got through seventy cigarettes a day.

The little men with the little minds took his cigarettes away. He never once missed them. He felt as though he had been a non-smoker all his life.

Then, just to make life more unpleasant, they smoked in front of him and blew the smoke in his face. That was meant to be subtle torture. There was no actual physical torture. Just the endless questioning, and, of course, prison routine.

Only One Visit

Redman's wife was allowed to visit him only once in eight months. He never saw any of the other prisoners. When they went for exercise, all prisoners wore basket-work masks, walked several yards from each other, and exercised in pens in which they could not even see each other's masks.

The Japs had thought of everything. They even bowed to him when they opened his cell door—just the correct amount of bow—not too little, not too much.

They tried in every way to break his spirit, and they did not torture him in any of the traditional ways—because the Japanese Press Attaché in London was under arrest, and the Japs just did not know what would happen to him.

In the end, Redman was repatriated through the exchange of diplomatic prisoners. As he left Japan, he must have looked on the land of the Rising Sun and thought how much hell was being made in a place that could have been so happy—but for the fact that a small body of lunatics want to rule the world from Tokyo.

PAUL MILLER.

NEW LIFE FOR OLD

THOSE laddered, artificial silk stockings, even after they have served an honourable career as a duster, still have their work to perform.

They can be converted into paper, or into special fine flock which is used for packing delicate instruments.

Many things often considered "too useless to be saved" are valuable. For example, one million bent and rusty nails could provide sufficient steel for a 25-pounder "gun-how" plus half a dozen shells to fire from it.

And food-scraps from a million dinners would help to ensure 250,000 bacon rations in a few months' time.

So no oddment of paper, metal, rags, rubber, bones or kitchen waste should ever be thrown away!

VOICE

★ *Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

WHEN our troops landed at Pantelleria, it was easy—due to the good work done by the Navy and the R.A.F. Here is Pte. J. Ragnall, Cameron Highlanders, describing the landing in a letter to his wife at Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire:

You will have heard that we took the island without much trouble. It was, in fact, a walk-over.

On landing we found that the place had been practically blown to bits by the Navy and the R.A.F. There was an onslaught by a thousand 'planes just to make things easy for us when we landed.

For those on the island it must have been hell while it lasted, and it was not surprising that they gave up without making a real fight of it. By the way, the story that the island surrendered because of lack of water was nonsense. We found plenty of wells and lots of water. Indeed, we had a good wash-up, as we hadn't seen so much water for a long time.

We had to go up into the hills to clean out a few enemy outposts, and what a road it was! It had suffered a great deal under our bombing, as if the track had had a series of minor earthquakes. There were great lumps of rock lying about all over the place.

Later the Bren gun groups had to move down to the harbour to maintain ack-ack protection, but there was very little trouble from the air. A few enemy 'planes came over, they seemed to think twice, dropped their stuff into the sea, and hopped off quickly.

So here I am with a box as a writing-table, looking out over the harbour as I write, and thinking about home. . . .

I should have told you that we were in our boats ready to make our landing, and expecting trouble in the process, when the message came over the ship's wireless that Pantelleria had surrendered—it saves a lot of trouble that way!

IT WORKED!

A magical cure for cobra bite is described by A.C./1 A. Simmons, R.A.F., serving with the India Command, in a letter to his mother at Central Avenue, Welling, Kent:

When we stopped at a wayside station that night there was great excitement. A native suffering from cobra bite, usually reckoned as fatal, was lying on

GOD GIVES US STRENGTH

STRENGTH is given where it's needed, most of us have proved this true. Most of us can from experience tell of tragedies lived through. Tell of nights of direful tension when we felt our brain would snap, when we even wished that Death would set us free from Life's dark trap.

HOPE is given where it's needed, most of us have seen its rays, starting like a dreaming glimmer of a star down pain-dimmed ways. Most of us remember sorrows which we felt we could not bear, then we heard that golden whisper in our soul and Hope was there!

STRENGTH is given where it's needed, never doubt it come what may. God is near and He will help you. Believe this, and believing pray. Pray for faith and He will hear you, faith is His alone to give. Faith, that is the heart's supporter, faith, by which all our souls live.

J. M.

OF THE TROOPS

A typical scene when our men landed at Pantelleria to disarm its garrison and feed its civilians. Despite the lack of resistance, it made a useful rehearsal for the Battle of Sicily!

he ground and looked very much like "goner."

The native stationmaster, who could o no doctoring himself, rang up another tationmaster a hundred miles away. The latter, according to the locals, was lessed with a magic spell.

And our stationmaster, acting on tele-hone instructions, at once mixed the uice of various herbs and roots and ave the concoction to the poisoned man, ho by now looked as if he had passed ut.

For a few minutes nothing happened, nd then to our surprise the patient ook himself like a dog coming out of he water, rose to his feet, thanked the tationmaster and walked off, apparently ured.

The stationmaster then returned to is duties, as if cases of cobra poisoning ere part of his normal routine.

FIRST PERFORMANCE

The first "Punch and Judy" show ever seen or heard on the Falkland Islands was given by Army men stationed at this lonely outpost. Here's the story from Sig. C. Walker in a letter to relatives at High Street, Knutton, Stoke-on-Trent:

I never imagined that I should travel ese thousands of miles to give a Punch nd Judy show to the islanders. It was novelty to the local people, as they ad never seen such a show before. A reat success with young and old!

My puppets were modelled out of apier-mâché, we rigged up a stage and angings, and borrowed a dog. The tter proved a bit temperamental, and as inclined to attack the puppets, but added a touch of liveliness to our st show.

For this performance I had an audi-ce of about six hundred people, and pped the bill!

Later I raised £11 for the Red Cross giving a series of shows at three-nce a head admission at a bazaar. me of the kiddies sat through eight rformances, so the show must have en good.

But don't worry, success has not turned y head, and I have no intention of ving Punch and Judy shows at the oliday resort beaches when I get home.

GIPSY CHICKS

Poultry keeping by the troops serving in North Africa is not the easiest of hobbies. Pte. G. Forder, Pioneer Corps, tells why in a letter to friends in London:

Our C.O. decided to buy six hens, inking that eggs would be useful. Soon terwards, when one of them went oody, we bought nine eggs by barter, d placed them under the hen.

As was to be expected when all was ing well, and two days before the eggs re due to hatch out, we got our "marching orders." So we carefully packed the hen and her eggs in an Army truck, and hoped for the best.

Well, after doing about a hundred miles over bumpy mountain roads we camped for the night by the roadside, with Clara, the hen, and her eggs settling down comfortably after a trying journey.

Next morning there was a sensation! Six chicks had hatched out, and the others soon followed. Clara seemed as pleased as we were. Mother and family are now doing well, and seem to enjoy this gipsy life.

DUCK GOES BOMBING

And here is a story of a black duck that flies as a mascot with an R.A.F. squadron serving with the B.N.A.F. Sgt. D. Roberts, R.A.F., writes to his young daughter at Leslie Drive, Timperly, Cheshire:

We first saw this little black duck months ago when he was being fattened up for someone's Christmas dinner. We saved his life, adopted him and christened him Donald.

Since then he has roamed about the sergeants' mess as if he owns the place. Also he enjoys air travel and often goes as a passenger with the boys on raids. He seems to like these trips, and he has brought good luck to the squadron.

At night he will wander into the mess and have his dinner from the same plate as a dog, another of our pals. The chief trouble is that he will sometimes have a drink of beer or whisky, and then he becomes a bit skittish.

Open the Cupboard to Let the Skeleton Fall Out!

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name

READING so many confidential letters from young people about their lovers' problems, I realise how instinctively a girl seems to understand her man while the man is often completely baffled by the attitude of his girl friend.

A young man was engaged to be married in 1940, but his *fiancée* was killed in an air raid shortly afterwards. Now, after three years, he has been attracted by another girl. He writes:

She asked me if I had known any girls before her, and I told her about the one who died. Until recently things went along quite smoothly, but last week she said she did not want to see me again. The reason she gave was that the first girl was so nice that she felt she could never really take her place.

She had a fellow before me and has told me about him. I have told her that makes no difference to our relationship now she has finished with him. What can I do to make her forget my former *fiancée*? How can I make her stop talking in that depressing way?

My own impression right or wrong, is that the girl is suffering from conscience.

She has not told the whole story about her previous lover. I believe that if she could only do this she would stop worrying about the past.

I suggest that the man should persuade her to rid her mind of the secret trouble and then that they should agree to talk no more about things that happened before they met.

I wonder what young people would say to the writer of the next letter:

I am terribly worried about my daughter, says a middle-aged man. She is smoking herself to death. Cigarettes before breakfast, and one dangling from her lips almost all day. It is worse than any craving for drink or drugs.

Her fingers are stained with nicotine and the bulk of her money goes to the tobacconist. When I reprove her she tells me I am old-fashioned.

Is it old-fashioned to foresee a ruined life and a nation of tobacco-sodden young women as the mothers of the next generation? Tobacco may be soothing, but it can be poison to growing girls who consider it big to ape the men.

BE smoking a vice or a harmless pleasure, we men have no right to claim it as a special privilege for our sex alone. (It would make no difference if we did.)

I think smoking is largely a habit: one lights up almost unconsciously and puffs away almost without knowing it. If it were reserved for a special treat at the end of the day's work it would mean much more to us. There is really little satisfaction in continuous smoking.

Women smoke too much. So do men. People who live in glass houses . .

Will smoking ruin the lives of Britain's youngwomen? There's at least one father who thinks so.

The next letter comes from a younger man, who resents the many criticisms of youth to-day:

It is the effect of war that young people have fewer things to occupy their spare time, and that at present-day prices a great many pleasures are beyond their reach. The call-up, too, has a great effect.

I am volunteering for the R.A.F. before long, but I am told not to be so eager, as I haven't tasted life yet! My feelings are that I may never do so if the fortune of war is against me.

Don't older people see that the desire to seek amusement has the effect of making us hectic and irresponsible? We are anxious to taste life before it is too late.

I know what the young man feels, and it reminds one of the familiar "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." If life is so uncertain, as it must be in a world war, why not make the most of every day that is given to us?

Years ago, one often heard the question: "If you had only a month to live, how would you spend it?"

The answers varied with individuals, of course, but on the whole they were more serious than to-day: the remaining days would be spent in penitence, prayer and fasting.

To-day the answers are apt to be more pagan: grasp every bit of pleasure and enjoy "all the fun of the fair." Even of Vanity Fair. . . .

That attitude explains much of the restiveness and moodiness of youth, and it cannot be changed by reproaches or by scolding. The first step of all leaders is to understand.

Coffin Ships Still Afloat

MORE than two years ago the country was told: "There are to be no more 'Coffin' ships." But slum ships *still* carry food and munitions around our coasts, still traverse the ocean lifelines, and conditions in many such vessels *still* remain a national scandal.

So tuberculosis among seamen is far more common than in other occupations; principal causes are bad air and lack of room.

And tubercular seamen have no claim for compensation! JOHN BULL intends righting *this* wrong.

A deep-sea trawlerman writes: "How about us chaps? Plenty of wrongs *we* want righted!" JOHN BULL watches closely the dispute about reduced prices and the reduction in earnings. JOHN BULL is with you, trawlermen!

More news about Lifeboats. Recently released were details of Government-approved ship's boat which "can be launched in complete safety even at an angle of 90 degrees."

Why worry about angles? Self-righting type—contrived by cocking up ends of boat to exaggerated extent, adjusting buoyancy and balance—was turned down years ago by experienced lifeboatmen.

JOHN BULL demands an end to experiments; JOHN BULL insists on ample provision of all-steel lifeboats for ALL merchant ships!

Compensation for seamen: FORUM asks why a Ministry has been allowed to renounce what was the manifest desire and intention of Parliament when it passed the amended Pensions Act, 1942. Sick seamen must *not* become dependent upon Public Assistance!

To correspondents, JOHN BULL's thanks. Where necessary steps have been taken and individual decisions will be made known shortly. *Write to "Forum" with your Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleet problems!*

MERCHANT NAVY FORUM

PRISONERS OF WAR
ROYAL NAVY
H. M. FORCES OVERSEAS
(INCLUDING INDIA)

DUTY FREE CIGARETTES & TOBACCO

cost the sender less than quarter of the ordinary prices. Packed in vacuum tins they ensure arrival at destination in perfect condition. Supplies bought over the counter are not suitably packed to stand up to hot climates, so ask your tobacconist for DUTY FREE particulars and he will arrange to despatch a single parcel or, if desired, a standing order at regular intervals.

In case of difficulty write to us. All that is necessary is to send us the rank, name and full address of the member of H.M. Forces (or Prisoner of War, as the case may be) telling us what to send and enclosing P.O. for the appro priate amount indicated below. The parcel will be despatched immediately on receipt of your instructions, including a greetings card, with your name and address as sender.

EXAMPLES (Prices include postage)

	Prisoners of War		H.M. Forces Overseas and the Royal Navy	
	4 oz.	8 oz.	4 oz.	8 oz.
FOUR SQUARE TOBACCO (Yellow, Green, Brown or Purple label)	2/-	4/-	2/9	4/9
(Red or Blue label)	2/6	5/-	3/3	5/9
FOUR SQUARE CIGARETTES	150	200	150	200
	4/-	5/4	4/9	6/2

FOUR SQUARE *Tobaccos and Cigarettes*

GEORGE ROBIE & SON LTD. FOUR SQUARE WORKS PAISLEY SCOTLAND

THE DOCK WORKER RIDES A CYCLE

Precision Built by ABERDALE

THE HALLMARK OF QUALITY

Smee's

Gosh — it's good FLAG SAUCE of course

For lighter puddings with present-day flour use BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

The Best in the World

LAST LAUGH

W. K. (Cheapside). — "A man who delayed a telegraph messenger was fined." Which shows how dangerous it is to touch a telegraph messenger when he is in motion.

B. V. (Chelsea).—"I have given up bridge for the duration." A direct result of the Government's appeal for unwanted rubber.

W. N. T. (Highgate).—"Rabbit, carefully cooked, tastes just like chicken, and who is to know the difference?" The waiter, probably.

PARACHUTIST (Southern England). — "Because I was a little slow in leaving the 'plane, a sergeant made a rather nasty remark." You nearly dropped through the floor with shame?

D. N. B. (Manchester).—"Early morning knockers-up are increasing in numbers in various districts." Yes this profession is certainly a rising one.

F. T. (Manchester).—"I have a reason for thinking my doctor is a foreigner, though his accent is good enough." It is his writing?

EMPLOYER (Carlisle). — "Our office-boy will make a name for himself." Our office-boy is good at carving his desk, too.

W. C. (Colchester).—"Mussolini, we are told, shaves himself early every morning." It is said that in the grim dawn he still flinches a little at the first peep in the mirror.

D. M. (Exeter).—"Wasps use twenty-three muscles when inflicting a sting." They put everything they have got into it this year, being very chagrined by the shortage of soft fruits.

D. G. T. (Manchester).—"Woman who runs dancing school here is always showing off her pupils." Rolling her eyes, you mean?

S. B. (Hitchin).—"Why are lodgings so uncomfortable? I have moved six times in a year owing to draughts." Sounds more like chess.

T. T. G. (Southend).—"I spent the whole of Saturday afternoon putting ant killer on the garden. Most annoying." Did you expect it to please 'em?

T. P. (Tring).—"The B.B.C. early morning exercises are recorded, the instructors are not actually at the microphone." That's all right—we're not at the loud-speaker end.

F. M. (Margate). — "Pancakes made with dried eggs are very light, especially if baking-powder is added." After tossing, remove from ceiling with fish-slice.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"I notice the Supreme War Council is still sticking to my strategy, mate. They're doin' just what I told yer they oughta do.'

Side-Slips

THE SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH & STAR:—"Talks between the British and American staffs went on until the early hours of to-day amid deepest SECRETARY."

SOUTH WALES ARGUS:—"He had protested to the colliery manager, and in July, 1941, had written a letter to the BATS Committee."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—". . . were accused of receiving MINES and spirits . . ."

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—". . . that Ballantyne, a Glasgow man, was an AIR PORT from 1928 until 1930 . . ."

THE HUNTS POST:—". . . stated that this particular HOAX was reserved for the staff and the rent was £72 a year."

SUNDAY GRAPHIC:—". . . though some PLOTS had to crash-land in the end."

THE BANBRIDGE CHRONICLE:—"Mr. J. M—— was reappointed to wind, oil and keep the Town CLERK in order."

GREATEST OF THESE

● How to obtain expensive surgical shoes for his invalid wife is the most pressing problem of Victor Cecil, who served throughout the last war.

During the past eighteen months this unfortunate man has been unable to work due to severe nerve trouble and bronchial asthma.

Both he and his wife are badly in need of rest in a convalescent home, where they could obtain sufficient nourishing food.

A clergyman in the district assures me that charity to this ailing couple would be well placed.

We ask readers who are in a happier position to do their utmost to send a donation earmarked "Cecil," or for our General Fund, addressed to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administrative expenses of the Fund are gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

1st PRIZE £75 — 'BULLETS' 1,383

J. Hartley, 3, Lindeth Ave., Gorton, Manchester, for this "Bullet:":

SHIP OF YOUTH "SHELTERED" ISLAND FROM "STORM."

£10: Mrs. T. Thomas, Ivy Cottage, Aller, Nr. Dorchester.
Unnecessary Journey—Delays Tommies "Getting Ticket."

£5: Nurse E. Elsworth, Lymington Hospital, Lymington.
Nearly Lost The War—Complacency—And Might Yet!

£4: J. Turner, 36, Goodwin St., Belfast.
Way We Have—Prevents *One* Having Way.

£3: Mrs. A. Molt, 108, Main St., Newbold [illegible], Nr. Leicester.
Jam For Gossip—Dad's "Strawberry" Is Providing.

£2: Mrs. Fletcher, 27, Knowles St., Rishton, Lancs.
Mustn't Be Allowed—To "Run Amok." Discipline.

200 EXTRA CASH PRIZES SEE OFFER NEXT PAGE

9 at 20s.:—
W. H. Fowler, 4, Hillside Cres., Leighton [illegible]. Out Of The Picture—Dad—Cheerfully "Taking It."
J. R. Johnston, 3, Kennyhill Sq., Glasgow. Doing So Whistling—New Errand-boy No Teeth!
A. Lyons, Roystone, Winster, Matlock. Out Of The *Picture*—Fortunately, The Bridegroom's Knees!
F. Part, Westerleigh Rd., Pucklechurch, Bristol. Jam For Us—In *Aunt's* "Roll," Anyway.
Mrs. M. Robinson, 128, Devonshire Rd., Bolton. Ship Of Youth—"Guide," But Don't "Steer" It.
Cpl. Seeley, 33, Argyle Sq., Stockton Rd., Sunderland. Man In A Hurry—German Workman—*Station* Gone!
A list of 20 winners of 10s. and 100 winners of new 3-in-1 prizes can be seen at these offices; 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

4 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD 335

WINNING WORDS: 1. Rent. 2. Apse. 3. Poor. 4. Loudly. 5. Middle. 6. Rain. 7. Firms. 8. Ere. 9. Beech. 10. Poles. 11. Add. 12. Glass. 13. Time. 14. Tripped.

£100 SHARERS: G. M. Owen, 9, Portman Terr., W. Southbourne, Bournemouth; Mrs. M. Richards, The Mount, Donnington Wood, Nr. Wellington, Shrewsbury; E. Spencer, 19, Hill End, Armley, Leeds; W. C. Waterman, 39, Keston Park Cres., Kenton, Harrow.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 76 entrants.

New Models for New Times

Post war

KERSHAW

SOHO CAMERAS will be

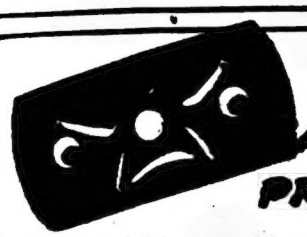
Better than ever

FALSE TEETH and proper mastication

A loose denture, besides causing discomfort and embarrassment, makes it impossible for you to masticate your food properly. Correct fitting can, however, be restored by using KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, specifically prepared *to make false teeth fit firmly*. This tasteless and odourless white powder, sprinkled on the contact surface of the plate, after cleaning, will hold it securely and comfortably in position for many hours. Sprinkler tins for pocket or handbag 1/3d, also large 'Economy' size 3/3d, from all Chemists.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/2d.



RAZOR BLADE PRICES

Kleen Blades are still 1d. each plus one farthing purchase tax. Don't pay more. Report all blade ramps at once to The Central Price Regulation Committee, 41, Tothill Street, London, S.W.1.

THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO STOP PROFITEERING.

Issued by
W. R. SWANN & CO. LTD.,
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Max. Controlled Price 8½d. per roll.

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock.

£125 for John Bull's ENTERTAINING XWORDS

First Prize for this week's Xword £500 Cash..... Awards value £25 between Runners-up.

£500 TOURNAMENT FINAL WEEK

Xword No. 335 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

CLUES	Entry-fee for 16 Cols.	5/-	5/-	5/-
1 HAS TOWER CLOTHING TROUBLES IN THESE DAYS	D A D Y			
2 IF IT'S THIS, A JOKE WILL BE BETTER APPRECIATED	C L E A			
3 YOU MAY NOT BE ABLE TO BEGIN TENANCY WITHOUT THIS FROM LANDLORD	L E A E			
4 SMALL SHOPKEEPERS MUST FIND ONE A NUISANCE AT TIMES	B L L			
5 SMELL OF THIS HAS IMPORTANT USE	D R G			
6 KEEPING ONE MAY HELP SOLITARY PERSONS TO FEEL LESS LONELY	O G			
7 EXPERIENCED MAN SHOULDN'T FIND IT DIFFICULT TO SUBDUCT	B A L L T			
8 IT'S TOUGH LUCK WHEN ONE HAS TO BE DOCKED	B O N			
9 BOSSES WILL SUFFER, AS A RULE, WHEN BADLY BEATEN BY OPPONENT	F A E			
10 EXPLOSIVE WILL BE SUFFICIENT TO STARTLE	C R O W			
11 KNOCK'S GARNISHEE IS SOMETIMES THIS	P R M			
12 IS APT TO BE BITTER	G L L			
13 WILL PRESENT CONSIDERABLE DIFFICULTY IF YOU'RE SHORT OF CASH	P I E			
14 COUNTRY LASS WHO WANTED ONE GOD MORALLY FLOGGED TO TOURS	C H A N E			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bulletin," dated Aug. 21.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, AUG. 9

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

339

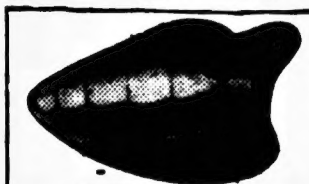
8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest, or one share of Tournament £500, allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charges and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contest to appear in "John Bull" dated Aug. 28, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

ACID FUR



DETECT IT THIS WAY:

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth—do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling? That's acid fur, staining and spoiling your teeth; *acid fur*, the hidden enemy which starts decay.

RID TEETH OF ACID FUR

Many things you eat cause acid to form in the mouth, and acid fur is the result. To get rid of this acid fur, you must use an antacid tooth-paste. 12,000 dentists know that the most effective antacid is 'Milk of Magnesia.' They recommend their patients to use Phillips' Dental Magnesia, the only toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia.' Rid your teeth of acid fur before it ruins them. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and use it night and morning.

Sold everywhere 7d., 1/1d. and 1/10d.

Take old tubes back to the chemist.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

The greatest comfort to anyone in PAIN

You can ease away headaches, neuralgia, neuritis, sciatica, lumbago or any other nerve or muscular pain—simply by taking Phensic with a little water. Phensic calms the nerves, sets free fresh nervous energy, eliminates from the body, by way of the kidneys, the poisons of pain and tiredness. The nearest chemist will supply you—1/3 & 2/3 including Pur. Tax.

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DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

YOUR SKIN TROUBLES

—AND MODERN SCIENCE

PROVED BY LABORATORY TESTS

This antiseptic balm is different: Applied to the affected place its special elements get *straight at the germs* and start healing *at once*. Being an oil-in-water emulsion, septic matter from a sore place is not sealed in to keep re-infecting the sore but can pass away freely. Official laboratory tests prove Valderma ten times superior as a germicide than carbolic ointments. Valderma is prescribed by eminent skin specialists. In cases of Impetigo, Sycosis (Barber's Rash), Acne, many forms of Eczema, Pimples and other skin eruptions, Valderma shows most successful results.

Valderma makes your skin clearer, healthier, often in only a few days. A doctor writes about it:

"I can assure you that my patient has been greatly benefited by the use of it. I find also that great benefit is received in cases of Pruritus in which I have tried it and I shall certainly recommend it for any other such cases."

Signed . . . M.B., B.Ch.

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ANTISEPTIC BALM

White, agreeable to use, almost invisible on the skin. Stains neither linen nor handkerchief. Get a 2/- jar today from your chemist.

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"BULLETS" CHEQUES for 2, 3 or 4 WORDS

£50 OTHER AWARDS £10·£5·£4 £3·£2·6 of £1·10

20 of 10/- 200 NEW 3/6

1,000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Aug. 20.

HERE IN BRITAIN
THE LION HAS WINGS, SO
KNOCK-OUT BLOW
FIGHTING FRENCH
THE OTHER FELLOW
COUNTING HIS CHICKENS
NOT DONE
HAMPERS THE WAR EFFORT
GETTING BETTER
HORDE OF BUREAUCRATS

BULLETS 1,383 RESULT appears on page 14

WAR-TIME WEDDING
ROOM FOR MORE
OUR LODGER
PUT AN END TO
I SUGGEST
TO RELIEVE THE TENSION
CRACK OF DOOM
DAD DID HIS BEST, BUT
GETTING DESPERATE
TO PLEASE THE SERGEANT

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

FOOD FOR .....
STRING OF .....
THE NEW .....
MAN WHO DOESN'T .....
SOMETHING IN THE .....
BATTLE FOR .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid-Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d for "Bulletin" Bulletin dated Aug. 21.

P.O. Value..... Signed .....

No. ..... Closing Postmark, 1,387 Monday, Aug. 9. Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,387—or Xword No. 339, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

He's after YOU!

You can't get away from the Squander Bug. He's always under your feet, trying to trip you up, trying to make you go *his* way. His idea of a nice walk means going on a "squander-bust" with himself as your guide. Don't listen to him. Walk over him. Step on him. Use the money to buy Savings Certificates instead. In that way you'll be benefiting the nation and yourself at the same time.

Savings Certificates costing 15/- are worth 20/6 in 10 years—increase free of income tax. They can be bought outright, or by instalments with 6d., 2/6 or 5/- Savings Stamps through your Savings Group or Centre or at any Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank. Buy now!

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

GET AT THE CAUSE OF SICK HEADACHES

If you suffer from the misery of sick headaches, remember the Golden Rule—a gentle, regular, movement of the bowels. Beecham's Pills will ensure this—for they are the perfect laxative.

90% OF DAILY ILLS ARE DUE TO CONSTIPATION!

How can you keep well if you suffer the least bit from constipation? Your whole digestive system is held up—the result is stomach upsets, sick headaches, liverishness and general out-of-sorts. Bodily wastes, instead of finding a prompt and proper exit, get into all parts of your system by way of the circulation — no wonder you feel good for nothing. So, take your Beecham's Pills—keep your blood pure, and you'll find your sick headaches have gone for good.

Take Beecham's Pills

1/4 & 3/3 (incl. Purch. Tax) Also in Pennyworths.

Worth a guinea a box

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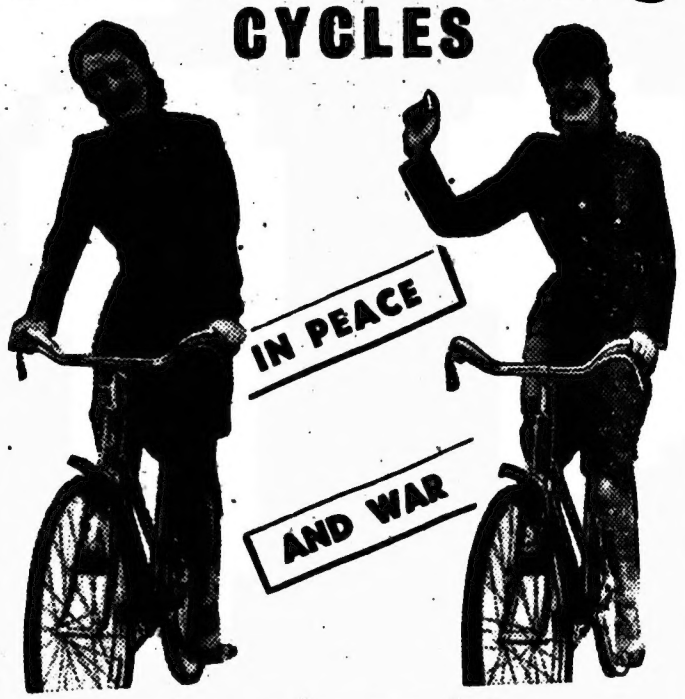

Hercules cycles are being used by the Army, R.A.F. and Women's Auxiliary Services.

The Hercules Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd. . . . Aston. . . Birmingham

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DIPHTHERIA

IS DEADLY—

Protect your Child. Apply at once to your Council Offices, School or Welfare Centre. Treatment is free.

IMMUNISATION IS THE SAFEGUARD

FACTS ABOUT DIPHTHERIA

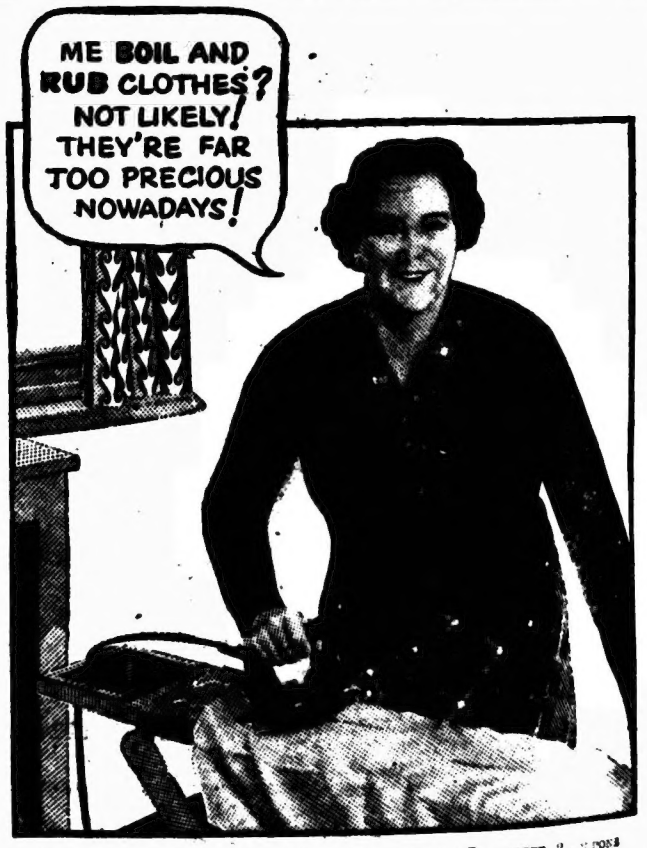
Even the best cared-for child can get Diphtheria—it is not due to dirt or drains—and there are no "safe" areas. Diphtheria is one of the worst dangers to children. It is particularly deadly to children under six years of age. Even when not fatal, it may have ill effects which last a lifetime.

FACTS ABOUT IMMUNISATION

It is SAFE and simple. If an immunised child gets Diphtheria it is usually in a mild form. Immunisation gives almost certain protection against death from Diphtheria. Only two treatments are necessary. The best time is soon after the first birthday. Protection takes three months to develop so get your child treated NOW, ready for the Winter.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.

D2/18



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SAVES TIME — SAVES CLOTHES — SAVES FUEL

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Suits child or adult

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